

Smiling Whiteness: T...

Authored by Mr David Roy Smith

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The Poetry of David Smith



David Smith was born in New London, Ohio on February 8th, 1956. He grew up on a farm in Willard, Ohio. The first poem - Music of the Spheres was written in Cincinnati, Ohio where David was a music student at the Cincinnati College Conservatory of Music. In Cincinnati, he had a teacher named David McClanahan who introduced him to the teachings of Kirpal Singh. In 1976 he was initiated by the great spiritual master, Darshan Singh. In his final thesis paper in music theory he proposed that the "music of the spheres" was not just a Renaissance period poetic concept but an actual inner sound listened to by mystics - in India called Nada Yoga. He went to India for the first time in February of 1989 to visit his Master, Darshan Singh. Much of the poetry falls in two periods - one period after 1989 with influence from reading Rumi and after seeing Darshan Singh and then a more recent period.

The Music of the Spheres

*My internal tuning forks began to hum.
The music of the spheres was being sung.
All heaven's glory sprang before my eye.*

With the color of the morning sky.
 The warm bliss of love fulfilled.
 The hydra-headed desire was killed.
 Oh God how great thou art.
 thy Grace opens my internal part.
 What I feel is what I am.
 The word of God in glorious hymn.
 When I turn my mind within,
 the saints and mystics are my kin.
 Oh Lord, I pray that my soul you bind,
 to sphery chime and the God within all Mankind.

David Smith
 Cincinnati, 1976

Steuben, Willard, Ohio

A Beautiful cool breeze was blowing over the corn field
 but nobody felt it.
 There was a lot of papers in the house
 but nothing to write on
 There were many beds in the house
 but none of them were flat.
 It was one of the biggest farms
 in Ohio but there was nothing to eat.
 The piano was sitting there but
 no one was playing it
 The stars were up in the sky &

shining bright but no one was looking at
 them in their air-conditioned homes
 with no windows.

by David Smith
 Ohio early 80s

India, 1989



Darshan Singh

Yoga is learned from a guru. The disciple has a relationship much like Mevlana Rumi had with Shams Tabriz. The following question and answer to the Master is given to illustrate the influence of Darshan Singh. Darshan Singh was also a poet. His answers are delivered with life inspiring glances.

Date: February 10th, 1989
Place Kirpal Ashram, Delhi India

David Smith: What is the meaning of the saying "You should be able to drink four oceans of bliss and still have parched lips"?

Sant Darshan Singh Singh Ji Maharaj: My son, Spirituality is a path of restlessness. One of my verses says "love is another name for continuous restlessness & I have brought this eternal gift O Darshan". Love is a secret, a secret of secrets. It is known only to the lover and the Beloved. Our Life is very short but our journey homeward is very long. Another of my verses - "I started my journey at the morn of time & now I am coming to the evening of time, this seeming lifetime of mine is a long journey of pining & longing". This is a strange path in that the more you get the more you want. Another of my verses - "I long for my Beloved to come, my Beloved has come and gone and instead of quenching my thirst he has intensified it. Love is a secret - a secret of secrets. You never let anyone know you are in Love. Another verse: "This is not that Godly Gift in which there is talk on every lip". Love is a Secret and it is a secret in it's entirety. This is a path in which you travel and the more you get the more you want and you don't want anyone to know about it. If you get a glimpse of the Master you are not satisfied with it. If you see the stars you want the moon, if you see the moon you want the sun, if you see a glimpse of the Master you want to be lost in the Master, if you are lost in the Master, you want to be lost in God. You don't want to talk about it. You can have the maximum of grace, maximum of joy, maximum of tranquility and peace, still you yearn and pine and long for more until you have reached your eternal God and become one with your Godhead! You are no longer yourself!

Poems after 1989:

Swim My Love

Love is gushing out of my heart,
creating a river flowing to the sea.
On the river sits the water-duckling.
Storm clouds are gathering.
The sky is dark.
Lightening and Thunder strike across the sky.
The wind begins to whistle.
The air is cold, but the water is warm.
You stand on the bank of the river shivering with the cold.
The Hen who you think is your mother lies down in the grass.
The water-duckling beckons to you,
"Are you a chicken or are you a water-duckling?"
If you are not careful you will drown.
If you are too careful you will never learn to swim.
Swim, my love for soon it will rain and I wish to go to the sea with you and meet the swan.

David Smith
April 28, 1989
(Rumi had a duck story)

Getting out of my Quagmire

Little pearls of sweat ran down my side.
I thought they were my tears.
My tears come from God.
My sweat from the Corporation.

I am the Lover and the lover
collects the interest without the capital.
That I really want is to lie in my lover's arms and cry.

June 16th, 1989
David Bliss

Master Darshan had passed May 30, 1989
I was working at First Bank System, now called US Bank in Minneapolis.
but was about to move back to NYC.

I Burn

I burn
I burn
I burn with power
I born with power all the time.
The flames shot up before my eyes.
Fountains overflow with Ecstasy.
These are the "Bonfire of the Vanities".
The flames consume the Master of the Universe.
"The Child is the Father of the Man"
And this is the "endless repetition of history".
What began as an innocent snowball fight
has become a corporate battlefield.
A little big man has learned the Art of War.
A single blow when the time is ripe can bring
about the tidal wave of history,
and swallow up vanity in the kindness of love.
Now my life is reduced to a pool of tears.
A quiet pond lying at the foothills of the Himalayas.
The water shimmers in the light of sunrise.
"My heart leaps up" into the sky.
One more soul has vanished from this universe.
Those who think this is a poem of sorrow instead of joy,
do not know enough.

July 21, 1989

Ganan's Farm

by David Bliss (David Smith)

One Month

My Beloved has shot an arrow of separation
and it has split asunder my heart.
I would welcome this because if my heart is split into
many pieces than that is the end of it,
there can be no more pain.
But instead:
My Beloved has deliberately shot the arrow by drawing her bow only halfway,
and the result is that the arrow has struck in the middle of my heart; it is sticking
there with the result that every moment, every second, there is torment, there is
sweet pain.
I have lost track of the number of arrows already there stuck in my heart.
When I see my beloved again I will be revised by her beauty.
Plato said "that three sorts of persons are led to God, the Musician by Harmony,
the philosopher by the beam of truth, the Lover by the Light of Beauty"¹
Who will rub my feet to keep me in the body?
what sight will keep my eyes open?
When one month becomes a thousand miles.
I speak of the branches of love.
Who knows what the Supreme Beloved has done to me.

David Bliss
July 1989

¹ Phaedrus, 248D

Embedded in my tears is the stringing of pearls
My walk has been the fusing of my heart to the aspirations of my disciples
The fusing of my heart to the aspirations of my disciples is my work.
The Simian of my disciples is the beating of my heart.
Look for me in the moon's face and in the heart of my disciples.
My disciples, you are lingering hope in this world.
Though I wished to stay with you
now you must come with me.
Once I was Darshan & you my children
Now I am God and my child Darshan.

Regarding Darshan on the 30th of May

Ode to my New Girlfriend

When I am with you my soul soars
effortlessly though the universe.
I slumber in a state of bliss
only to awaken with new found powers.

I am intoxicated by your sweet fragrance.
In your presence my skin softens and becomes full of lustre.
My mind becomes crystal clear and like a quiet pond.
The joy you bring me is endless and unalloyed.

Even when the gods abandon me you do not.
You are my faithful companion.
When I lie beside you, I remember the past,
I embrace the future with courage.

Melancholy are the days when you are gone.
Your passion is endless and all consuming.
It is only I who hesitates and turns away from you.

I have come to love you.
It is you who will take me on my
Long Journey Homeward.

by David Smith
June 1989

Spectacular surges of power shot through my arms and back.
The journey led to feelings of invincibility.
The journey was amplified by overflowing fountains of Joy.
The secret of secrecy was breached but I had been warned.
The charisma of the two big secrets led to the inspiration of men.
with the advent of power rose the challenge of nature.
The exercise of will in the quagmires of fate vanquish power in
the sublimity of humility.

July 29, 1989
On the trip from Madeline Island to Minneapolis
by David Bliss

Saying Goodbye to Mexico 12-07-1988

I lie receding, ever receding into the eye center,
while music came to my eyes from a distance with its attraction,
though I lie content as it were,
knowing that I loved music from a distance.

Just how distant can it be and what lies beyond where it becomes silent?

The ocean waves crash against the sound of Spanish Trumpets as Rock & Roll
beats shout while white people dance in the night.
The roar of the ocean lashes away at the music like the Music of the Spheres
flexing its muscles and creating one more free individual.

I thought of "Intellectuellen", the Swedish girl as I began to notice my reflections,
but still wishing to go beyond the mental circular waves.
She had the universal curve which we believe to encompass all creation, but I
know that in the stillness lies the bliss.

I thought of where to go for Dinner, but with the Spanish trumpets blasting, I rest
my thoughts and decided to follow the sound.
They stopped, but then they started again to my encouragement.

But why so whimsical?
With moods turning on a note and feelings changing upon a sight?
And yet it was the waves that I was going to or was it the sound of the waves and
not the waves themselves?

Was I tired of something and totally content with it?
What I loved was changing.
I loved the Spanish musicians, and I knew they must have known to some de-
gree that I loved them.

Why was I here? to meet someone or to say goodbye to someone.
I didn't come here alone and I will not leave here alone, and yet I will not return
with who I came with.
Nevertheless, it will be a gentle and pleasant goodbye.

David Smith, Mexico Dec 1988

The Coiled Beauty lied on her bed
with an enticing gaze in her eye.
Her face was full of serenity.
Not knowing that the color of her plaid shirt would
become a frozen image in my heart.

Toni
August 2, 1989

by David Bliss

It's moments like these that stop
time and link the past with the
present and the futures.
I don't want to be bound by Beauty
It's not enough
I want to be free
& live out my days in serenity
but when I think about breaking my chains

The tears come to my eyes
I'm so attached to love these days
& more useless poetry

I ache as you do

I see the fullness of a heart
I see myself
I ache as you do.

I fight for my beauty
I fight for my feelings
Inspiration is my nectar.
I ache as you do.

Wash away my pain with love.
Embrace me into unconscious sleep.
So I can wake up to a new day
and ache as you do.

Peggy
August 2, 1989
By David Bliss

While I take you, You will take me

I want to take you
and then I will toss you aside.
You could be 'scorched in the end'.
Are you afraid?
Surrender to me and feel how my arms want you.
I will wrestle with you and
make you say the things that
I want you to say.
I will abuse my power.
You can't have me except by
the words that you say.
You think that I will hurt you.
That's Right!
I just want to take you,
but while I take you,

you will take me.

August 3, 1989
Peggy

by David Bliss

My head is full of Joy
My heart aches.
Tears drop from my eyes.
My friend has become my lover.
The tears drop from my eyes
until my lover takes me.
The music is beautiful because
my heart is awake.

August 1989
by David Smith

One of the Big Secrets

Gentle ripples flow though the rocks.
I search for meaning where others have given up.
What was given has been taken away.
God awaits for a new prayer.
Everyone is waiting.
I have been waiting for so long.
I refuse to grieve for beauty lost.
For I cling to it. I fight back.
Where does beauty come from?
I have an idea. I know.
It is a fluid.

August 2, 1989
on the rocks of the Huron River
by David Bliss

Abstract Tears dropping on a saltless ocean
This is the long saga of the life inspiring glances of Darshan.
White flames on a windless day
Your love is burning away my mind.

My Life has become that of a fish on burning sand.
O Darshan, now that you have caused us to lose our senses
and set this river flowing, fling into the water with great speed
the Water-Duckling.

September 2, 1989
by David Bliss
David Bliss is the supposed pen name of David Roy Smith.
Sarah Bliss is a ancestor. Phillip Bliss was a hymn composer, he has a small museum in Penn-
sylvania.

Such fineness

Such fineness I did not know
would be waiting for me
behind the door.
Bright lights shine above
and shatters my heart below.
Love does not surprise me anymore
because it is all around me.
When I find my thoughts
crystalized in my walks
I drift into a sea
of ecstasy & glee
There's nothing for me to believe because I can see
I can see.
I can see.

September 6th, 1989
returning from Chicago

by David Smith

Such beauty did make me wander,
when bliss is piled on top of bliss
I worry I will be no more
Elegantly you gather up my thoughts
and lay them in your basket
Love pervades the air.

September 6, 1989
returning from Chicago

by David Smith

The Transfixing Accelerating Life Inspiring Glances of God

The Self is vast and void in it's true nature
Through the light of nature (Heaven) the realm of
profound knowledge and profound virtue.
Through the Harmony of the Spheres great knowledge dissolves into
explicit obedience to the word of the word.
From union to action, from union to action moves the pure man in
a universe hidden in the universe itself.
To once lay eyes on a man of purity is the beginning of knowledge
because there can be no knowledge without purity.
What path was ever faster than the path of imitation.
We will all make it there someday it is all a matter of speed.
Looking into the eyes of God brings transfixing acceleration and
all other higher order derivatives.
Knowledge is done.
There is no rhyme or reason for what I do.
I do what I do because he said so.
Why do I do what I do?
I do what I do because of how he suffered.
He started alone on the path of love and soon
he was a caravan.
I have joined that caravan.
My statement is the joy on my face after seeing the bewitching eyes of God.
With the cloak of elaborate secrecy,
I walk down the stairway and evaporate into heaven.
From the same place from which come my streams of joy
comes the will to obey.
I am under authority and it is the source of my humility
and the foundation of my discipline and because I am under authority,
I have authority.
Victory is Mine under the divine authority of the transfixing
accelerating life inspiring glances of God.

September 23, 1989
David Smith

Caps, Swaps, Chastity and Simran

Subject to the great paradoxes,
I am pushed and shoved into the beyond.
Pushed by the ever compelling short squeeze of time.
A mind adrift what a horror.
A horror worst than the horror of the shareholder obliterators.
Inspiration comes from the soul.
Work is an overflowing energy from the soul and is automatic.
One does not think but only acts.
The only use for thinking is in conjunction with action.
Perhaps mental action.
Thought without action or simply melancholy and worry is a product of lust.
A chaster man does not think because a chaste man has gone beyond the world
of min and matter.
A chaster man goes from union to action
from union to action.
Union is the union with God and happens when the mind is still.
In the state of stillness or effective death the mind is charged
with inspiration and energy.
Power Serjes² and entries the imagination.
When was reality anything but the imagination?
Ask Hsuan-tsang³ about that one.
This energy is the force of destiny.
It is the course of action.
A blueprint for action.
Such is the state of the man connected to Tao.
The way is open.
Attention is in the forehead.
Instead of in the back.
Instead of in the lower back.
This is work supported by the Tao.
Caps & Swaps supported by chastity and simran.
The formula works.
Simran is the repetition of the magic words that open up the musical sky.
From the Music of the Spheres one can find relationships between
such remote topics as music and mathematics.
Masters of the Universe converge for leveraged giving buyouts.
The sweet nectar of women sweetens.
The treacherous beauty expands.
There is a secret love relationship between the yogi and the vixen.
That is known through the eyes.

² Dedicated to Serge Santiago of Sanwa Bank for his benevolence.

³ Hsuan-tsang, 596-664, a buddhist idealist of the consciousness-only school.

It's a sort of lustre.
But these are the great paradoxes.
The paradoxes of love.
The paradoxes of time.
Let the tears wash away my knowledge,
because there is no knowledge.
Knowledge implies a clinging.
The secret is not to hold on,
but to go with the flow.
The flow is the ocean of light.
The currents of the sound.
Only seen in this world of tears.
There is no need fro the books of wisdom.
When you are caught in the current.
But they can console the lonely.
Who would think that wisdom would be so obscure.
That is would hardly exist.
Resting in the delicate sheets,
next to the finest in nature
close to the heart.

September 29, 1989
The Mitsubishi deal
by David Roy Smith

Sperm, the source of wit.

I walked down the path of leisure sunshine,
but inside my heart was frozen.
Time spewed out of a giant many pedaled turbine.
Just as thoughts arise out of microcosms,
When love became the pillar of my being,
the world became my own self.
Please don't separate me from my Beloved.
I become so sad.
Sitting outside the gateway to Heaven, did you know
there could be someone so unhappy.
Thus it is ordained, even though
I still walk I am in fact dead.
Love has the power to stop you dead in your tracks.

October 15, 1989
On a sunny day walking to the Metropolitan Art Museum
by David Smith

When Darshan sits on the Throne My Verses line up like willing slaves⁴

When I leave my home
I leave empty handed
because I go to embrace the universe
and all the universe is within me
and I am transfixed.
Transfixed by the overflowing eyes of Darshan
looking to the subtle force behind nature.
While others waster away in hopeless idols,
I rest in the lap of God.
When I remember him I am alive
When I forget him I am dead⁵
What mischief can this world bring?
when Darshan sits on the throne
and the fountain of ojas-shakti overflows.
O Darshan, not that you have caused us to lose our senses
and set this river flowing, fling into the water
with great speed, the water duckling.⁶

November 2, 1989
by David R Smith

⁴ Borrowed from Rumi - "When Shams sits on the throne, my verses line up like willing slaves"
Divan-i Shamsi Tabriz

⁵ "When the bliss of my Master begins to wear off even a little, the world come and offers me a
cup of sorrow" A Tear and a Star by Darshan Singh.

⁶ borrowed from Rumi

The Supreme Mystical Qualities

Qualities so sublime it creates a vibration.
It has caught the attention of God absolute,
who personally searches throughout the universe
for that one person with the true quality of devotion.
Ringing in the gods ear is the name
:Rajinder, Rajinder”
They don’t know who said it God of Dyane.

November 9th, 1989
by David R. Smith

The Heart Specialist

I can no longer promote myself
Numbers sink into the foam
Retired mathematicians stand alone the walls as
lame but honored guests.
Poets arise
I bumble my knowledge of the fragments of truth
I’m certainly unworthy of more.

Let’s begin at the end.

You have taken my heart away.
Now what am I to do heartless?
Now only Love flows through my veins.
My face has turned Pale.
My mind has become mercurial.
I toss and turn in the night.
I have no appetite.

If I don’t begin passing blood through my veins again soon
Thus Madness of Love could turn to sorrow.
Please give me you heart so I can live again.
My heart is irretrievable.
How can I help what happens to me
I will never be the same again.

If I were a body of water I would be
a glacier on the side of a mountain
frozen in the collusion of events.
If I were to leave this world the last thing
I would want to touch is the tears from my eyes.
To possess love would mean to possess
the mastery of words.
Only softness of my heart could
know what I have to hide.
When the light of love begins to shine an
avalanche tumbles down the mountain
I will come to rest when I have loved.

The Ultimate Risk Manager (semi-autobiographical poem)

1 What is that electrical device that transfers
2 the entire knowledge of a book instantaneously
3 What is the lost secret that one hears in the harmony of music?
4 While a mountain of grain buries children alive,
5 My heart sinks along with them.
6 The search for Wisdom is long, but
7 the implementation longer still.
8 A few moments of bliss have now
9 become my whole life.
10 In a matter of minutes million so dollars are obliterated.
11 Grandfathers complain but no one cares.
12 Little pearls of sweat ran down my side,
13 I thought they were my tears.
14 My tears come from God,
15 My sweat from the Corporation.
16 The world is stochastic, the only true
17 order occurs when the great Buddha takes his seat.
18 Why did the Beloved wait to this late date to

19 reveal the secret of secrets?
20 But now I have the keys.
21 I know the value of a minute.
22 Time to go inward that's all I want.
23 A Simple life in a fortress of repose.
24 This human body is a castle.
25 And Darshan sits on the throne.
26 In death in life lies the hope.
27 Which is the practice of the Ultimate Risk Manager.
28 My journey to #2 was a labor of truth
29 but my journey to #1 was a labor of love.
30 Now there is nothing left but to cross the ocean of light.
31 Which is without limit.

December 4, 1989

by David R. Smith
The New York Life Deal.

Explanation of the Poem: The Ultimate Risk Manager
(semi-autobiographical poem)

This is an autobiographical poem. Like Darshan Singh, I like to write from my life experiences not from imagination. I see all of my life in term of mysticism and all my poems are about mysticism.

Explanation of the lines:

1. The poet as a child wants to find some way to accelerate the acquisition of knowledge. From an early age the poet has a strong thirst for knowledge. Searches the local library for books to absorb.
2. The poet in music school struggles with music composition and is introduced to the philosophy of Pythagoras, the father of music theory, mathematics and philosophy, who espoused the theory of the "music of the spheres.
3. The poet experiences the tragedy of death when his younger brother dies.
6. The poet begins a relentless search for wisdom to explain the mystery of death and the meaning of life.
- 7-9. The poet experiences enlightenment, only to find that it is only the beginning and maintaining enlightenment is difficult. Many years pass, finally the poet fulfills his life dream by going to India. Going with high hope of obtaining enlightenment, the poet is shocked to find more than he hoped for.

10-15 The poet returns only to find the dull grind of work at the bank. The poet mistakes his sweat for the tears that well up in his eyes while he waits for the Christ power to appear in meditation.⁷ The poet experiences trying times but his faith is unaffected.

16. The poet realizes that manifest destiny is being played out, and stays on the side lines to watch the flowing pen of God.

18-21 The poet realizing that one man's enlightenment has profound ramifications on the world begins to make better use of his buoyant moments.

20-24 The poet astonished with his position in the universe is concerned about making more progress while in the body than waiting until after death. The poet is intrigued by the mystery of the fact that the entire universe is inside man and he had the tools to travel it without moving.

25. The poet used to think that images of God sitting on the throne were idiotic, but is amazed to find that various messengers of God actually sitting on a throne.

26. The poet like many ancient philosophers is convinced that the most important thing in life is to practice the exercise of dying while living in meditation and leaving the body before actual death.

27. The poet is a risk management specialist in Wall Street, but he realized that the most important priority is in managing for one's own death. The poet realizes the short duration of his own life. The poet feels he is doomed to failure if he doesn't meditate and bound to succeed if he does. Thus meditation is the most important aspect of his life.

29 The poet finds the boost that he needs to reach the first place position for a job described as "for the best mind in the business" in which 700 people had applied for the job. The poet feels that his success has nothing to do with any increase in his credentials since the Equitable deal but is due to the support of his Friend, friends and colleagues.

30. The poet plans to leverage his success in this world into his decreased presence in this world. He asked that all parties in his life not stand in his way. The poet is still concerned about the shortness of his life and the attainment of his goals.

31. The poet feels that the ramifications of what he is doing is completely beyond his own comprehension as well as that of others. The maximum benefit for all parties will be obtained if the work is done.

⁷ The bible says "The Life of Jesus can be manifest in the forehead"

Saints in Transition

Rajinder Singh at Kennedy Airport,
Feb 23, 1990

From Inspiration to Stillness
From Stillness to Action
walking on the safe beach
of the Saints, the surf
comes crashing in.

What was once here
sines forever more
living in the memory of those
who were there.
Always there.
Appearing at the moment the first desire occurred.
Going back in time by those who were always
going forward.
Unity in stillness , crossing over

White flames shooting up in a windless world
Love is burning away my mind.

Desire is the Soul
to desire oneself is enlightenment
What was at the beginning is the
same in the end.
When you set forth on a journey
you are already there
Thus the ladder of heaven has only one rung.

Empty cups on the Shelf
o Cupbearer, pour forth the Wine of Spring!
Place before me that object of my desires!
Strike the chord of my heart.

I recognize you for what you are
and you are captive.

To know is to see
and to see is to know.

To act in a natural way
means sometimes not to act
knowing the quintessence of the heart
while the wind bloweth where it pleases
and the wind bloweth where it's listened to.

Feb 25, 1990

Rajinder Singh at Kenney Airport
by David Smith

49 days of Simian & the crown crest jewel of Supreme Buddhahood.

Blossoming pearls of wisdom
superconscious rivulets
flowing downstream without effort
filling the empty cup
such is the great paradox
to stop is to accelerate
apricot nectar dripping into the brain
images swapping into deeper subtleties
Forty-nine days of forward acceleration
soaring above the world & it's grand schemes.
After enlightenment comes extinction
The extinction of thought and then the Great Awakening.
Much to our surprise, the world goes on
It does not need our thoughts to sustain it.
In the heat of stillness, the self sits poised for action.
sporting nothing, the self bathes in it's own sunshine
When the crown crest jewel of joy is shaped by the self
deep down in the heart of the galaxy
then the music will play & play & play.
From a deep sea palace songs are bubbling up.
The deer lies in the woods deep in slumber intoxicated
by it's own muck soon to awaken to
the Garden of Spring.
In this garden is a swing.
where the lover & Beloved play.
Being pushed on the swing by the Beloved.
The self delights in the pleasures of Springtime.
Delight is the nature of Buddhahood
Knowing all one can act without moving.
Addicted to long lazy senseless trances.
the world clams to my doorstep.
I share with them the empty cup.
I have found harmony in chaos
and frolic in the fractals of truth.

April 1990

An Anonymous initiate - David Smith

Ultra Transcendental Enlightenment Philosophy

When you open your eyes you cannot see
because of the brightness of the fiery sun.
Photos of the poet in meditation develop with a blank spot.
nothing there.
Why not continue a good thing.
Stepping on useless thoughts & half baked art.
Too many flash artists. Ya they say he had a glimpse
So what. Why stop you fool. What;s the matter
you cannot absorb it all.
Did you not toss aside
Western analytic philosophy.
so why let it creep back in
Your english teacher taught you to interpret everything.
Well how would you like to interpret a divine empty space.
with a stream flowing though.
As I said the world doesn't need our thoughts to sustain it.
Give up you lame efforts to clean up your messes.
Take your black face for a swim in the ocean
and dive down deep
only come up when you have found the blueprint
of heaven
Your time within is the beginning & the end.
You naturalistic monk optimizing your time
with simple algorithms free of forecasting
Endogenous heart endogenous action.
Reveling in extreme wisdom, so high & yet so near.

April 1990

"The Truth so simple, the mind explodes to meet itself running back in all things" Rumi
by David Smith

date unknown on Maria note paper
1980s

Kundalini Corrected

A powerful river flows from Earth to Heaven

when the tributaries are dame up
it gusts forth in a glorious contain
while Ponce de Leon and his men stand in amazement
with fragrance of the future Buddha
one pointed attention or love
two expressions of the same thing.
The true emperor lives in those free souls.
Seek that fountain of happiness within you
share you love freely throughout the universe
Let's us count down the 49 days
to full illumination.
In the stillness of the mind is a
secret passageway leading to
the abode of Joy.
This unseen inter-transformation is the
end of philosophy.
The end of life.
Let us tap the fruit of silence.

Date unknown.

by David Smith

Sea of Tears
frozen in tranquility
Beautiful Babes past, present & future are innumerable
I love them all.
But rockets await my blast off
into infinite worlds of cosmic joy.
when I see a crowd
the conglomeration of human beauty
Do I love them because they suffer
and I am wise or
do love them because they
suffer like I do.
One thing is sure these life inspiring
glances will spring forth 352 plus
poems in a year.
and move over emily Dickinson
Ecstatic poems on Airlines
Ecstatic aires on airlines

Empty cups on the shelf
Pour forth the wine of spring!
Place before me an object
that will soon become the object of my desires
Strike the chord of my heart
I recognize you for what you are
you are the captive of my desires
To know is to see
and to see is to know
to act in a natural way
means sometimes not to act
know the quintessential heart
because the wind bloweth where it
pleaseth and
the word bloweth where it;s listen to

Feb 25, 1990
in memory of the Feb 23rd visit of Rajinder Singh
at Kennedy airport

The Man of Character

The man of character lives at home without exercising this mind
and performs actions without worry.
The notions of right and wrong & the praise and blame of others
do not disturb him.
When within the four seas all people can enjoy themselves that is
happiness for him.
When all people are well provided that is peace for him.
Sorrowful in continence he looks like a baby who
has lost his Mother.
Appearing stupid he goes about like one who has lost his way.
He has plenty of money to spend & doesn't know where it come from.
He drinks & eats just enough & doesn't know where the food comes from.
This is the demeanor of the man of character.

While other people are merry making,
I alone am mild because
I draw sustenance from the Mother.

Roving from Book to Book
from song to song,
from composition to composition,
manuscript to proof
seeking to make my thoughts sublime
with meditation the central core of all meaning.
Forlorn David, make the source of your breath sublime.

A Day in New York

I am self entertaining with a little
assistance from you.
The splendor goes on.
The Splendor in the concrete
in the archives of romance
You don't have to have an orgasm
to have a good time.

As a speculative philosopher,
My first assumption is that the
physical universe does not exist
or if it does I choose to ignore it.
Engaging in natural action,
eating when hungry
reading when inward
running while walking
side tracked occasionally
soon to be fully embraced
accumulating jet fuel for a long flight
into the beyond
you love is burning away my mind.
I no fan the flames.
Phoenix bird fly, rise from you own ashes.

David Smith
May 1990

I went out looking for desire
I had eluded me.
I had earlier been unable to not meditate
following the natural tendency of my mind
my mind hungry for it;s grand embrace
and eventual folly.
My, myself enjoying the immediate gains
sweet rest lasting forever.

September 23, 1990

My struggle to do nothing
The world is excessively busy
while others look for things to do,
I alone seek that unchanging harmony
borne of stillness
Let the water calm
so that the sunlight will glimmer & shine
on the lake of my heart.

2001

Sweet & Dynamic
Sky & Serene
Never too dramatic
She is never mean

Kind & Forgiving
cares for art

earns a living
goes often to the mart

Her house is a mess
but her heart is true
One would never guess
she can make stew

She is an adventure
into the wild
One could venture
She loves every child

I would continue
to see her arrice
because she is true
to everyone alive.

She is fun to inspire
& always a Joy
she is never a liar
& takes care of my boy.

She is sharp
& has a spark
a bit of a lark
and has a dog that doesn't bark

Cathy is great
Cathy is fine
It is my fate
for her to be mine.

Fragile is Life.
Short is Life
Long Lasting is Love
Long Lasting is Beauty
Powerful is the Tongue
Powerful is the influence of others
Useless is Thought
Thoughtless is the wise one
great action is born of meditation.

When tears come to my eyes
My master comes in a hurry
He seems to be rushing
And arrives with a jolt
Like the doctor at the doctor's office
Like a doctor with too many patients
Sometimes he comes with another doctor
"Oh son we are sorry for the long wait"
Four hours too long
Now we will pay attention to you
What is that pain in your heart
Here swallow this pill
Here sail across this sea
Into this deep Pacific ocean sky

November 23, 2013
Willard Ohio
Six hours simran two master arrive in fourth hour.

Six hours a day

Six hours a day
What need do I have of an alarm clock
When the Master himself wakes me up
And begins pulling on my heart
What need do i have of a bathe
When my body is washed in tears
What do I need of a kind person
When God is so Kind
And I am enjoying his bliss
My body supports me
But it is Love that transports me
Of course I want transcendence
Then to transcend transcendence
I also pull on my brothers
With trailing stars
When Darshan sits on the throne
My verses line up like willing slaves
And I say goodbye to the world
Sayings farewell with my tears
My sleep is for an eternity
I only awake when the Master comes.
I know you would like to see me
But I can hardly be reached now.
A force going in is all that is left of me. Im afraid I can't be reached

Reversing the Expansion

The rumbling of the powers that be
Above the Masters sound current roaring
In the middle the mind ruminating
Below the serpent power
1000 snake heads twisting
Bring on the drama
Will it end in tragedy or comedy
Oh my pet snake come listen
Come listen to sweet music
Come up and twist your head
Come dance to a tune

Oh mind dance with the snake
Dance the dance of death
Do the tango
Lets all dance together
Come up and meet us
Pearse the the gateway
Show me your power
I will shake my heart
Satan also begins to rumble
What is this outrage
Rumbling traffic
I transmit words across the universe
Above clouds burst with raining nectar
My heart pushes them out
The big bang of Sat Naam has already happened
Begin the contraction
Transmit the five words
Back to Sat Nam at the end of the universe
Our satsang has begun
Reversing the expansion
Guru Nanak presides
Guru Granth is the lessen
Gurbani is the music

My Memory is my Love

On the farm
Oh morning I mourn thee
Come not
Cock shut thy mouth
Day without love come not
To be or not to be
I choose not to be
To be I must first not be
I wasted time and now time wasteth me
Oh cock croweth not
Don't awake me
Until my heart is awake
I reject the day without the Kind One.
Quiet all you frogs in my mind,
When the Master commands it.

Command it oh Mind, mayray (punjab word - means)
Announce instead the Sun of my Shams
Sweet love burn away the clouds
My Love does not come
But I have my own love
My memory is my love

To Meditate 3 hours do six

To sleep 8pm
Befriended higher mind
Six hours supports three
Highest importance
Life is a footnote
Feeding soul concept
No alarms
The two halve lotus converge to the full
Evening hatha yoga for stiff
Promises to mind
Accepts 3 hours after 6
Mind can indulge in greater corruption
Ability to read minds
Ability to see future
Ability to heal

Love is Memory

Love is memory
My memory is Love
Cock croweth not
Sun do not rise
Step into my room
Big one and bring your friends
Without Big Love small love is pallid
God is Kind to the Poor
And Poor having been kind to by God
Are then Kind to the Poor
It cant be another way

Mother Teresa needs no money and no food
Her way is the Big way
In the surge my thoughts are run over.

Try Again and again.

With no mind in ecstasy
Am I enlightened or did I just drink a cup of coffee?
Am I in Love or just Mad
How can I stop myself from getting Mad?
Let us try again the journey of Love
Try again and again
Starting and stopping

When Master Darshan sits on the throne

When Master Darshan sits on the throne,
The five charged names line up like willing Slaves,
When Master Darshan sits on the throne,
The knee that won't bend bends,

Love is Memory

Always on fire
The snakes dance the dance of death
Around a burning bush
Fly like a bird on the wings of love
Over all the rubble, over all the ruts and landscape. Straight on though.
Light flashing to the sound of african drums.
My heart pounding.
Returning to the deal with the Devil
I fantasize about the 12 hour meditation.
But I don't like that word meditation
With my disgust with western words
Take me to the wordless.

3 hours with Rajinder, 3 hours with Darshan, followed by 3 with Kirpal, followed
by 3 with Sawan.

Don't all come at once.
Without you I am dead,
So why not die and be with you.
The light breaks though
And my mind locks on.
It is a go!
It is I that is the Fool,
My Mind loves it!
It craves the bliss
And remembers the bliss,
My memory is love,
Love is Memory.

Where is spring?

God has blossomed in the heart of the disciples ahead of spring.
Love is hanging in the air
How is it that spring has arrived?
While geese are flying south?
While snow lies on the ground.
Why aren't they flying north?
Where are they going?
Into the heart of God?
Or wherever he wishes?
It's in the cold quiet that the sound reverberates.
Only beauty can sooth the continuously breaking heart.
While the heart breaks the third eye radiates
In stillness watch the world being created.
Having nothing to think about,
Having nothing to judge,
Having nothing to do,
I was left without nothing but pure ecstasy
During this long winter of discontent
The icicles grew long
The snow was still falling
Is there a spring deep in my heart?

I need poetry

I need my poetry
I need poetry
To light my fire
Preferably mystical
Preferably Persian
Maybe urdu
Or punjabi
Even better with music
Reminding me of God
Descending into my heart
Then the journey can begin
Take away my mind
Begin the burning of my heart
Stir the Kundalini
I like it permanently coiled around my third eye.

My Mind began meditation

My soul was weary
Said I give up
I'm tired
My Mind said come on
You promised me
Let's go
Get up
My mind said "I will begin the simran myself
I need the bliss"
So my weary soul followed my Mind
The Mind had become my friend

Going to church

On a hill stands the Greenfield Hill
Congregational Church
Surrounded by Dogwood trees not in bloom
With rain falling and no Sun
The leaves have not come back to the trees.
But it is the Namesake church in Connecticut, of my home town township in
Ohio.
A product of Fire, that created the Firelands.
Should I go to this church now or wait until the Dogwood trees bloom and all the
conditions are perfect.
Or could it be that now is perfect and there are blossoms in my heart
Perhaps Springs has already arrived and the Sun is blazing bright in coolness
radiating.
Who understands this stuff but the 3am mystics.
The worldly people are many and
The enlightened are few.

Amrit Vela

God keeps a fire burning
For his 3am mystics
The disturbers are sleeping
Guilt shared by materialists is asleep
I should be working is asleep
Long term celibates experience the true erotic pleasure
The truth is still being sung in gurdwaras

A Cool Breeze Blows in my window

A cool breeze blows in my window
The wind blows leaves down the street.
The crackling noise of death
Sleep wont come
Music drifts against the other room
My heart breaks
And yet I wait
Maybe something new will happen
And take away this deadness
A bird sings
At least God is present
And sends messages
Afternoon nap
Take away my sorrow, my numbness, my grief
A call some words of kindness
Turning pain to bliss
Fitch to downgrade the USA
Jarring noise drift away
Ignored news is no news
Cool breeze cool my mind
It is a fleeting moment before clouds come
Hypersensitive to light, air, temperature, time of day, sunshine, humidity, timing.
The enlightened man loses,
And lets the world win.

DS Poem October 17, 2013
Separation Poem
The End of a Relationship

God is waiting for me
He is especially kind to the poor
The muses are there for me
I have the priest tell everyone
To back off all their shit

Today I was late to the party
The party waiting for me
Rising from an empty stomach
I find God is waiting for me
I'm no longer waiting for God
The notes now seem to find themselves

My fingers know the scheme
They get it.
By George I think he's got it!
Now he sings it
Let the voice go on it's own
Cut loose from the piano
Dialogue baby
The voice sings the piano responds
Play the real melody
The storyline
God had been kind and opened up the heart and soul of music
Tony Bennet Songbook
Piazzolla tango
Carlo Guastavino
1940s, 1950s
Spain, France
Make me a Rich Man
My heart is enriched
I am a Rich Man
Light Radiates from my center eye
The more the better
The better the more
More more better better
The better the more
The more the better
Meditation is not a word for a poet
Maybe I'll drop that word all together
I don't meditate no
Meditation does me
Solitude is the best of luck
Is that it?
The Scharfs listen below
But I'm not shy
I'm not allowed to have a ego
Thus there is nothing to hide
My soul exposed in the open
Finding my voice

DS Poem November 12, 2013

The time has come to double down
I'm gonna up the ante
I'm gonna break the barrier
I gonna cross into timeless wonder
It's time to spend my love
Take big expenditures on love
Im gonna nuke my forehead with radiation
Im gonna blow my Mind
My Mind, mayray, my love
On the way to its coronation
The nuclear fallout will scorch the earth
The volcano will pulverize the trees
It will look like mt st helene's
Volcanic ash will fall for miles
A burning fire will
In which new life will come in the volcanic spoil.
My Mind loves me
I love my Mind
My mind loves my Guru
My guru loves me
We all go to our kingdoms
And take up a throne
From prismatic heart hot lava will flow tumbling into the cold river
Heating it up
Creating a tale no one will believe
Time is not the issue
It is the intensity
These words are hot off the printing press and are intended to burn out
The fire is so hot that it is actually cold

DS Poem November 19, 2013
Mystic Poem

Guilt and Greed
Make world turn

DS Poem November 21, 2013

Third Hour Sweet
Fourth Hour Peace
Fifth Hour ready to share
Sixth Hour fly like a bird
Seventh Hour ready to die
Eighth Hour worked a full day
Ninth hour no more hours at all
Tenth Hour way up in Heaven
Eleventh Hour finally free
Twelve Hour the ringing of Bells
Third Hour Mind gives up fight
Fourth hour relish the bliss
Fifth hour get truly serious
Sixth hour really enter the zone
Seventh hour no more pain
Eighth hour turn into light
Twelvth hour beyond words
Third hour physical soreness is gone
Fourth hour all physical ailments healed
First hour climb the wall like an ant
Second hour swim like a fish
Third hour fly like a bird
Fourth hour finally understand

DS Poem November 21, 2013
Mystic Poem

This is how I sleep now
With my lips on your neck
I smell your sweet scent
Which gives me sweet bliss
I run my hand over the curves of your body over your hips then you breasts. My mind goes into
a dream
And I drift off into space.
Only to awake and kiss you again
Squeeze your breasts, explore your curves and drift off again.
Only to awake again to find another corner of your neck to kiss,
Another curve in your body.
I feel the beating of my heart
I toose then hug you again
Feeling your soft skin

Billy Holiday is singing in my heart
She's singing a song about love
Unbreak and break my heart she is saying
I hear her singing in a quiet place in my mind somewhere at a distance
She's saying in my hurt i need your love. I want your love.
She says
I cant make you love me
She singing down low
Not from my brain but in my heart
Her voice is soft and sweet
How could someone not love her
With a voice like that
My heart pines for her
And I do love her
So why does she keep singing that song?
So there is never a time without music
With her there singing
I don't know why she doesn't stop
I send you her message

And all it's sweetness.
She seems to be with me
Whenever I think of you

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I send you her message
And all it's sweetness.
She seems to be with me
Whenever I think of you

Im gonna turn your kisses into cash
When i get some money
Im gonna take you out

To every nice restaurant
You stand by me now
And you'll find a devoted man
I wanna loving women
So i'll be a loving man
You make my heart beat
Make a steady beat
Put some love in my veins
I wanna a women
Kinda like you
Whose sweet on me
And I'm sweet on her

It was a casual affair
It was convenient
Just passing though
Nothing more than arbitrary
She was the only one i know
It was nothing serious
At least on the hot seat
Next to you
Then why do i feel something special
Is happening to me
It was really nothing
But somehow seemed to be more
It really was casual
In a nonchalant way

From a few words of Sawan

One day Sawan said "if the mind has not cooperated with 2 and a half hours of meditation then punish it by increasing the time to 3 hours.
So I increased it to 3. Then i increased it to 4. Meditation began truly after 2 hours. After 3 hours it was smooth sailing on a sea of glass. After increasing to 6 hours then 3 became stable. At 6 hours even 15 minutes became charged. Then the third eye was on fire and began radiating energy out into the universe. The world rotated around not the sun but my third eye. Not my third eye but a third eye. A deal was done with the causal mind to put the higher mind on it's throne in Trikuti. The kundalini came up and wrapped itself around the third eye and stayed there. Now it does not come up but only goes down from it's true home in the top chakha. Pushing the time to 12 hours is likely to unlock greater mysteries. Now unknown?
The after glow from meditating six hours can last for months. So the benefits are profound. Stillness is the profound.

DS Poem march 26, 2014

My soul was weary
Said I give up
I'm tired
My Mind said come on
You promised me
Let's go
Get up
My mind said I will begin the simran myself
I need the bliss
So my weary soul followed my Mind
The Mind had become my friend

DS Poem March 29, 2014

The wind blow leaves down the street
Again the crackling sound of death
It seemed again to be Fall.
How is it the deadness remains
Even in April
Sometimes the Sun, sometimes the cold
Angry Satan is perturbed by the departing,
Taking up residence in all the worldly
Creating a study in Poverty
Few people of Virtue can be found
Except among the Greeks

DS Poem April 5, 2014

Afternoon nap wash away my blues
Sun shine though my window
Prana run up and down my body
Radiance that was inside be outside
Clouds passing pass for good
Send no disturbance about matter
The air is still cold,
May the cruel month of April
End with May Flowers
With the lessen of wicked people over with,
And the emergence of sweetness.
What is the meaning of nothing ever works?
With less and less the heart blooms,
The fullness is in the head,
The cackle of the crow,
A symbol of death
Turkeys on the Hill,

DS Poem April 11, 2014

Saw turkeys near Nyala Farms, Turkey Hill road Westport

Ode on a 40 year journey

Now the river flows up,
The river of leaving,
memory alone is God's Grace,
Outside is the frog chorus
Inside the roaring ocean,
With the buzz of satisfying bliss,
solitude is the best of luck,
poverty is a passport,
abandonment glowing health,
mind understands the magnificent glory and is in love with the heart,
Birds, frogs, turkeys, woodpecker-the noise is surprisingly loud.
Ecstasy all encompassing.
A treasure for the taking.
Always at the ready
No more restraints
No more conditions
Death comes nearer and nearer
Becoming sweeter and sweeter,
The Day a microcosm of a life,
I forgot the sunset and it set on me.
Wondering where it went.
The day was soon over.
In sleep there will be no dream
There is only one dream worth having any ways.
I've learned not to count the years
But to make the moment
My poem waited for me,
Until I saw the Moon,
The poem is not the purpose,
But only a side effect.

Oh Sun do not rush,
Bird do not sing,
So the world can continue to sleep
So I can awake
I don't know where the poem
Comes from,
I don't know when the poem ends.
And feel no need to modify the poem.
All is done to satisfaction.

DS Poem April 16, 2014

You're the only one who can touch me

You're the only one who can touch me.
You're the only one whose words are soothing.
Whose words are wise and create peace.
They say there is no tinnitus but just inner sound.
Why listen to nonsense?
It is not spiritual to listen to nonsense.
Time spent with others and not you is wasted.
But I am with you even when I am not.
So where am I really?
What am I looking at when
What I am fixated on is inside me
The opposite of what I want is
Driving me in the direction of
What I want
All this discrimination
Would be better to be in samadhi
And so I wait and the days pass
The moon lights my path
I coast down the road
Accelerating down hill
To coast uphill,
Always in search of the optimal
The mind is perpetually fooled.
The beauty of Schubert's music is a light in the otherwise barren landscape.
The library my bookshelf
All is temporary anyways
If not looked at does it exist?
The Spring did not arrive
I was fooled into believing in it being warm

Good Friday still cold
The warmth will only come when
You read my poem because the Sun is fickle and disappoints.
The true heart does not disappoint.
Long was the winter's journey.
But now all results are a triumph.
For the lucky man of faith
The cold, the warm to take it as it comes.
With cool resolution
With beaming radiation my thoughts dance to the tune of heart.
Is the purpose of turmoil to demonstrate the beauty of non-turmoil?
Now the trees are barren and one can see all the landscape behind them.
Barren like skeletons dead but pregnant with the mystery of new life.
How could life be both a tragedy and a triumph.
My ears will learn your language as
Life adjusts to everything.
The poem is still being written
And comes to you unfinished
Because it is warm now.

DS Poem April 19, 2014
Love Poem

A Cool breeze blow in my window

A cool breeze blow in my window,
While how to live my life
According to my own values
Becomes a puzzle.
Todo list ignored
Because nothing's going
To work anyways
Betrayed by all
With only a few lights
On the horizon
Why the absurd torture?

In spring time for new hope?

DS Poem april 24, 2014

My soul enters into the great alone

My soul enters into the great alone
If my karma specifies a relationship
I will break it.
My soul enters alone into the great alone,
There is no one that goes with me
But the truly qualified.
Send me the opposite and I will break it
Solitude is the best of luck
Time to begin the second round
The poetry is never ending
And is being written continuously
The connection to truth is unbreakable
The will to power
Schopenhauer, Kant, Spinoza

DS Poem april 25, 2014

The Opening of Grace's Door

I was lost and sad
With no where to lie my head
The pain of dual troubles
Always that which was wrong for me
Then I prayed for some grace
I know \$ was never coming.
Then in the bright sun
Was a sparkle of light
With sweet old piano
A delight of energy
A blast of Grace
A Good Luck Charm
Then with Irving Berlin's song

With flowers in my face
And delicious noodles in my stomach
My life began to change
Sleeping a long sleep
To begin a new life.
Getting my goals higher to
Always move forward.
The silence sweetens the beauty
Of the opera solos for breakfast
A new dawn is rising

DS Poem May 4, 2014

Tocca in Springtime

Tocca in Springtime
I'm in an ideal state; half empty: half full
Under the blossoms with my magenta sweetheart.
Cabbage, celery, almonds, greens, goat cheese, avocados in my stomach.
Afternoon coffee to write a poem. Beethoven sonatas one after another all in order.

DS Poem May 3, 2014

Love Poem

The Path to my house

The Path to my house
Is covered in Flowers
Awaiting your sweet arrival.
Included is a pagoda, a dog,
Music and birds
Both Hot and Cold weather,
To Hold back the onslaught of Asia I need Greek Fire.
The only way to save the civilization of my heart and mind is with Greek Fire, come where your
love is needed. At least three times in Spring.
When you didn't come the words in my poem scattered and were lost.
I struggled to line up my words.
The words scatter like rain clouds waiting for the rain.
Who can share with me that which is unsharable?

All has been changed to symbols
Abstract but pregnant with meaning

My words struggle a battle of
Words poems for

On cool morning and on hot days and cool nights I long for your caresses.

No other women has any reign over my heart, they are all irrelevant bitches, who i can't share
that which is unsharable.

I feel the fragrance of your words,
And words have power of a poet
A poet is as a poet does

Now the words line up waiting
To be assembled into a poem
Like rain clouds waiting to rain.

The composition of mind that is so important to me.

You catch my thoughts but do not caress my body only heightening my anguish

My poems disperse in confusion

When you did not come my poems scattered in confusion
Some lines were erased Broken heartedly
Although your skin is soft I can not feel it.

A heart pregnant with longing
All is wrapped in strong stillness.
My heart a lit with Greek Fire

DS Poem May 4, 2014
Love Poem

Under blue sky

Under blue sky
a seagull flies.
Poplar leaves ripple

saying goodbye
The birds sing
a song for the evening.
Salt is encrusted in sand.
Thoughts of love
on the longest day.
With a surge I meet the sea
with the longest flippers.
Spring meets summer.
Day meets evening.
Love has nothing to meet
it is the center
of everything
with nowhere to go
and sits at the center
of the heart.
Love meets reason
and reason crumbles.
The day won't end.
The sun did not get closer
it was the earth's angle
that changed.
If you are tired of my poetic words
then feel the vibes directly
emanating from my body
The companion of
my soul is love
When the sun sets I will not grieve
because there will be a new day.
Rich guy music leaves me cold with no feeling messing up the tempo.
Trumpet notes rise out of the air
Mysteriously following along.

DS Poem June 21, 2014
Beach Poem

The Moon was with Mars

The Moon was with Mars
On the morning of May 25
The birds were singing
Burning eternal flame
Extinguish my mind

DS Poem May 26, 2014

I will speak to you after being 12 hours dead

I will speak to you
After being 12 hours dead
Then I will know
Or the thing that thinks it knows
Will be gone
The snakes wrapped around my single eye
Will crawl down and strangle you
Having I will say
I stopped imagining the medicine
And took the medicine
I extinguished the foolish thoughts
Now I kiss the spot where your guru resides.
If I am not insane with love
Then my words are worthless
And carry no meaning
After 12 hrs, the nonsense that was me is gone.

DS Poem May 27, 2014
Mystic Poem

On July 11th

July 11
The seed planted blooms today.
A life colored with the mysteries hidden.
Thirty eight years ago today, I received a gift.
The heart ravisher came, we sat on a swing in the garden.

Thirty eight years ago today
the journey began into the mysteries of the beyond.

Shams says:
The real seeker of Truth is the one on whose forehead a light from the Beloved shines.

DS Poem July 11, 2014
Mystic Poem

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.
When I cook dinner, sometimes takes two hours. I expect the person who comes to dinner to be fully there. No txtng phone calls or any other urgent matters. Since the food is only hot for a moment I expect them to eat it within seconds of it coming off the stove. They will be sitting at the table ready to eat. They will also be extremely hungry.
Love is obsessive about pleasing the loved one.

DS Poem July 11, 2014

Mr. Crow crackles his call

Mr Crow crackles his call
I reminder of loneliness and death
I will have to check out
Poe's Raven to see what he means
He is up early searching
Why the chatter? Is another crow around? Is he talking to himself?
What birds talk to themselves?
Is thinking like talking to yourself.
Or is this crow talking to me?
After three days off, dying
Back on the beat
Like the crow searching
Only difference
I have magic words that induce
Simulate death, goneeness
Predeath, death is rebirth.
Recharge, otherwise without
Life is slow death

Without recharge a feeling of emptiness
The endorphin rush of the athlete is a small reflection of the bliss
But of no comparison to the glory of mystic rapture annihilation
To become full first then overflow
From Stillness springs action.
Love is an Action.
Love and action make perfect pears.
There is no choice, connect.
Which poems gets a line today?
The death poem or the love poem?
I see Leonel Spencer (Leo)
A Spencer, Royalty on the tracks
With his cool comfort gap shoes
Relaxed waiting
He assumes I went to Merrill Lynch
Even though it no longer exists.
His son is now too old to go to the movies with him at 16.
The baseball park costs too much.

DS Poem May 27, 2014
Mystic Poem

And loving lie in one devoted bed

I need a women who is deep
And wise. Who I love mentally and am compatible with.
I have no patience to develop the mind of a women who I am sexually involved with. I need a
women who is already completely developed advanced mentally, philosophically and spiritually
and then develop a sexual relationship with her.
Hold hand, kiss on lips, then sleep with. Girlfriend.

Besides you are cold, my body will keep you warm if you snuggle up to it

DS Poem May 28, 2014

Love Poem

Love from the top down

Love from the top down
And rhythmic lauds have
Sweetened your soul
And put a shine in your cheeks.
Now Queen of Wisdom
Eleusian poet, how deep
Are your mysteries?
Your words put aches in my heart
And knots in my stomach.
If I must live with desire
Let me desire you!
When the sun shines, the temperature is 63 and the
Humidity low and the air clean
It is a perfect day to see you!
But perhaps it was too cold?

DS Poem May 30, 2014

Gigantic gaps

All systems fail
Without gigantic gaps

The anxiety ridden mind
Needs gigantic gaps.
Efficiency obsessed nitwits, unenlightened, all of their time is wasted. Their dots
Are not connecting.
All problems are caused by rushing.
With the gigantic gap comes abandonment.
There's lot of free time from 3am to 6am.
With gigantic gaps come gigantic moments of forgetting.
Gigantacist become gigantic and wear huge turbans.
Time becomes long and they have a huge amount of time.
They have too much time for everything
Thus their minds are locked in ecstasy.
It would appear that spirituality is nothing but time management
And stress management is also time management and Kal is time.
It takes only a small step to make a giant leap forward into inner space.
Some people are late for everything
Including the journey to heaven

DS Poem June 10, 2014
Mystic Poem

The neuvo moral philosopher

The neuvo moral philosopher
This is the story of the neuvo moral philosopher.
From the beginning he thought the world was upside down and the opposite of the status quo
was true.
He felt the truth should be discovered organically.
That which brought the greatest
Happiness straight into the body
With the least effort would be the best.
For a long time he studied with the priests of ancient Egypt.
In his quest he rose to be Pharaoh
With a long line supplicants
All for his pleasure.
Pleasure being the greater good.
His reign was of mixed merit both
Kind to the poor and exploiting the poor.
After some education and the best of luck, he decided to sit on his knees holding the spine
straight
To see what happened.
His intuition was that to move was bad and to sit still was good.
Not sure why God created such a world.
He fell into Kabir's Ocean of Bliss,
Then that same long line of supplicants came to request compensation.

DS Poem June 11, 2014

There's a river flowing up

There's a river flowing up
I wanna get on that river
The Royal Road to God
No more flashes of light
Give me always on
Burning heart of Love
Beethoven's creative fire
Burning though my brain
Words out of the Master are
Ok words, with a charge
They are more than ok,
They alter my Mind and light fires.
In my deafness let me pound out the truth, words need surrounding notes
In dialogue.
Chimes in the background
Now I hear them
Kundalini blast through my deafness
Please no more special occasions
When the ordinary moment is turned to silent stillness

DS Poem June 11, 2014
Mystic Poem

The devotee of God

The devotee of God
Says goodbye to his mind
Many people worship their opinion
The devotee knows them to be fools
Is that an opinion?
The devotee is as wise as Socrates
As he knows that he does not know.
First hour half lotus right
Second hour half lotus left
Third hour full lotus
Fourth hour in transcendence
Give six hours and see what is your
Opinion then?

Rumi says;
Light up a fire within your soul
Burn up these thoughts and words
From head to toe
(m2:1763)
Rumi

DS Poem June 11, 2014
Mystic Poem

Simran Songs

Simran songs
Simran meter
X, xxx
X x
xXX
X x
X x

DS Poem June 14, 2014

Athena, deepest of all women

Athena, deepest of all women,
called wise.
Who is the grower of love, Athena or Aphrodite?
Athena, I saw your eyes in Izmir
In the city Ephesus.
Where is your temple now?
Wise men in ancient times come to your feet in the quiet cool air of early morning.
Nature surrounded you in glory,
fava beans, olives, mushrooms, mint, licorice, fall from your hands.
Your beauty radiates from the eyes.
Your body is made of 10,000 years of olives.
In my dream I crashed though a wall and your face was there with
a golden triangle.
Rhythmic lauds have sweetened your soul and put a shine in your cheeks.

When they put her in the museum
She grow sad and her skin pale,

With all her worshipers gone
I a foreigner was there.
I tried to catch her feelings.
When the guard took a few lira,
for a closer look it was a disgrace,
But she smiled and looked at me &
I felt her embrace.
She seemed ready to go with me.
Though turned to stone and locked inside walls, she somehow did go with me.

Actually I saw Artemis of the Temple of Ephesus. The guard let me go close.
In Izmir Turkey

DS Poem June 14, 2014

The weeds grow back

I've decided to share
that which has not been developed
Meaning there is no prior thinking to these ideas-
the source is emptiness,
in fact currently there is nothing to share.
When the flowers blossom then they will be there.
To have a poet master is a triumph.
To sit at his table and drink from his cup is to drink an ocean of bliss.
Drinking from his cup is literal.
I am not a symbolic poet.
It is kind of God to make the symbolic cup literal.
Every day it seems the garden needs hoeing or the weeds grow back.
Can the garden go 3 days or 5 days?
What happens in two weeks?
If only my love would grow like the weeds!
Inside is a kernel of knowledge waiting to sprout.
Life is a mystery.
Man is in search of the truth
The lucky few get magic words,
the magic words open a door,
the magic words burst open
the kernel of knowledge,
the seeds are planted,
then the weeds grow back.
What man thought was the completion of the journey
Was only the beginning.

Master poets leave a trail of words like rocks in the garden. Both flowers and weeds grow up around the rocks.
The blind gardeners can not see the difference but can smell the flowers.
They walk in a garden of ideas.
The poet has a license to walk on the rocks. Cutting through the center,
that is both straight and not straight.
How do you draw a perfect circle free hand? Without guidance?
Can a juggler do it?
The juggler's ball flies in an ellipse.
If the weeds be gone would you have plump tomatoes?
Can you have honey with weeds?
Who is the master herbalist
In the garden? Does he have wings?
This poem is a weed.

DS Poem June 15, 2014
Mystic Poem

The repetition of the waves

The repetition of the waves
Today following the arrival
of the a moon rock,
Mr Crow came with Birdie.
Birdie, the seagull had already
created havoc.
It is just another reminder.
Why the same coo,
are his genes like
every other crow.
It's hunger driving them.
These birds will
take any opportunity to plunder.
Ancient creatures, once dinosaurs
now models of efficiency,
flying rats.
While the waves seem to create
satisfaction and serenity,
the lifeguards chatter,
latin girls giggle like gulls.
Are the waves meditative?
The mind chatters needlessly
beyond necessary.
I stop listening to the waves
and immerse myself in the waves.
My ocean flippers bend with the waves.

Two geese come to join me.
With the roll of the waves,
all the kinks in my back are gone with the help of the juggling balls and soccer ball.
Is there anywhere else to go?
Any sharps & flats to hit?
The breeze finally blow in
With the breezy point lady.
Salt crusted over with sand.
The waves are a music.
There seems no need to hear another.
Bliss in the salt, sand, wind and radiance.
It turns out the beach was never as far away as we thought.
The same water is flowing right under our feet, the same wind blowing.
Bliss is in the making of it.
The cool air is like kindness.
The heat like cruelty.
The repetition of words echo in my cell structure and ring all the way across the universe.

DS Poem June 15, 2014
Beach Poem
Mystic Poem

I am suspicious of the poems that don't write themselves

I am suspicious of the poems
that don't write themselves,
Though they may be inspired?
Why the hesitation?
What is wrong with them
The longing for the absolute seems to linger about and haunt the mystic.
Something has to be done.
As if nothing is any good unless
seen from way above.
Nothing is good enough
Everything should be better
if it is to be right.
Then it would just have to be left on the fire to smolder.
How high must the flames go
to burn up the self
Every day I start fires hoping to burn up all of the noise.
In the long search for quiet,
to become the motionless man.
It is a strange world we live in,
everywhere everyone is in motion,

but the goal of life is to be motionless.
Or is that just my perception?
Embers and ambers falling out of the fire and popping and crackling.
noise even from the fire.

Rumi says:
Light up a fire within your soul
Burn up these thoughts and words
From head to toe
(m2:1763)

To light the fire you need the fire wood of persian words.
I lock down my brain in urdu, persian and punjabi.
Stumbling on one word at a time
I fall into a dream
It only takes a single line to trip
that's the beauty of the hemistich
In four beats, followed by two, then three, then two and two, I fall off the earth.
4, 2, 3, 2,2
I cross five rivers and then swim
in a lake. The waves of the ocean roar in my ear. A song is being sung. Why generate
thoughts when you could generate notes.
Crazy Beethoven was a note generator. So crazy he even scared the oxen with his notes and
caused trouble on the farm.

Slow airs with grace notes on every note, tell a tale of Love.

Rumi says:
Listen
as this reed
pipes its plaint
Unfolds its tale
of separations:
Cut from my reedy bed,
my crying
ever since
makes men and women
weep
I like to keep my breast
carved with loss
to convey
the pain of longing-
Once severed
from the root,
thirst for union
with the source
endures

I raise my plaint
in any kind of crowd
in front of both
the blessed and the bad
For what they think they hear me say, they love me -

None gaze in me my secrets to discern
My secret is not separate from my cry
But ears and eyes lack light to see it.
Not soul from flesh
nor flesh from soul are veiled,
yet none is granted leave to see the soul.
Fire, not breath, makes music through that pipe.-
Let all who lack that fire be blown away.
It is love's fire that inspires the reed
It's love's ferment that bubbles in the wine
The reed, soother to all Sundered lovers -
its piercing modes reveal our hidden pain:
(What's like the reed, both poison and physic,
Soothing as it pines and yearns away?)
The reed tells the tale of a blood-stained quest
singing legends of love's mad obsessions
Only the swooning know such awareness
only the ear can comprehend the tongue
In our sadness time slides listlessly by
the days searing inside us as they pass.
But so what if the days may slip away?
so long as you, Uniquely Pure, abide.

The Reed Song

Beshnow in nay chun shekayat mikonad ME 1:1-34

Mysteriously enough, the opening lines to the Masnavi tells the whole tale of the entire Masnavi

The Masters words worth repeating give a purpose to the iphone.

Where was i when Rumi came into

the picture, now i am lost again.

All is lost and continues to shrink

soon I will be gigantic

and wear a huge turban.

Walking on Gigantic Gaps in time

In these gigantic gaps time is stopped and our emergence from

these stop gaps is a rebirth.

With 300 sikh swordsmen I guard the pass, with almost continuous battle.

Every thought passing though is

chopped viciously to pieces

Thus peace is achieved.

After becoming masters of long time,

we can become fit to see the King.

It is ecstasy that stirs the pot and creates bubbles.

To heal the body be gone from it.

It likes you to be gone.

Even the donkey needs a rest.

All the world is in need of rest.

I once was a sad fisher boy but

when the King rode by all my sadness went away.

Now i am a boy thief stealing from Attar, Rumi and any other rich person.

In the future, I will mull over my poems until they are perfect.

But what is perfect?
I thought everything was perfect.
Thus, I am confused.
But, I need not worry about it,
because when Darshan sits,
on the Throne,
my verses line up like
willing slaves.

DS Poem June 15, 2014
Mystic Poem

The Master answers the question

The Master answers the question.
The people ask how long does it take to reach the radiant form of the holy ghost.
The Master answered the question: four or five hours.
Then he was worried that people it was too much for people to take and said at least do your
half hour.
But he did answer the question

DS Poem June 16, 2014
Mystic Poem

Sun, Salt, Sand, Air, Water and Rocks

Sun, salt, sand, air, water and rocks
After my swim my body was salty,
then the sand stuck to my skin.
The sun was shining but
not so bright, but it was just right.
The five o'clock degree to sun, the breeze blow over my skin.
I lied at nine o'clock to the sun, as if
I was Jesus Christ on the cross.
The waves crashed in my ears.
There's something about the beach.
Too bad there was not a crab on the beach, I would say sun, salt, sand, air, water and crabs, but
I can't because there was no crab.
Too bad I am a realist poet, as a fantasy poet I could have the crab.

Seeing reality has become my fantasy.
I walked down the beach and came to the rocky beach. They said the east beach is more sandy
better to go to the east beach. So I went to the east beach, only to find more rocks in the west
beach. There was more color in the west beach as my legs twisted over the rocks.
People always talk about so many things that I don't want to talk about, so I go alone to the
beach to listen to the waves and feel the salt, sand, wind, water, breeze, sun.
Now most of the time I am alone
I can hear myself now
Sometimes I go to Queens
She is the finest women I know.
I love her mind
So I want her body too.
As I left the leaves of the poplar trees flopped in the wind saying goodbye.

DS Poem June 16, 2014
Beach Poem
Love Poem

No one can follow on my trail of Ecstasy

No one can follow on my trail
of ecstasy,
Actually that's not true.
I found the one that burn down this
world.
Because I left this world
I'm now in it.
I write poetry almost endlessly
And play Beethoven's last sonatas
Aggressively

DS Poem June 17, 2014

Morning Haiku

Upright position
a bird sings

a timeless fantasy
One bent, one straight
a fine flowered cotton blanket
white
The gurbani channel

DS Poem June 22, 2014

Trumpet tune

Trumpet tune
Maker of one note
Harmony in phrase
Grace notes added
Phrases lasting a breath
natural
Let tonality wonders
Drift

DS Poem June 22, 2014

Sunday

Sunday
a drive to the beach
a drive to Queens
a church
a museum
a soccer game
a trip to the market
my baby grand and me
a trumpet tune would be good
a Faure song
a new poem

DS Poem June 22, 2014

Poker is good training for life

Poker is good training for life
Life is good training for poker
You don't show your hand in poker
You don't show your hand in business.
Sometimes your buff
Sometimes exaggerate
Other times psyche
You don't over share your life with others
You tell your personal issues and people will
Use it against you.
In times of trouble your friends and family all run away.
Show weakness and expect to be exploited.
The wise man says " I know nothing"
Like socrates or captain Klink
Darshan says "spread the fragrance of Love"

DS Poem June 22, 2014

Summer Solstice

Under blue sky
a seagull flies.
Poplar tree leaves ripple
saying goodbye
The birds sing
a song for the evening.
Salt is encrusted in sand.
Thoughts of love
on the longest day.
With a surge I meet the sea
with the longest flippers.
Spring meets summer.
Day meets evening.
Water meets earth.
Love has nothing to meet
it is the center
of everything
with nowhere to go
and sits at the center
of the heart.
Love meets reason
and reason crumbles.

The day won't end.
The sun did not get closer
it was the earth's angle
that changed.
My view of life has been changed.
The companion of my soul is love
When the sun sets I will not grieve
because there will be a new day.
The sun will now rise northeast and set northwest in a big smile.

June 21
Solstice

DS Poem June 21, 2014
Beach Poem

You can kiss me

You can kiss me
and I would like to kiss you.
You can wrap your arms around me
and I would like to put my arms around you.
I want to touch you and
I want you to touch me
I would like you to say the things you want to say while you are close to me. I want to be close
to you when i have something to say to you.
When you walk with me I want you
to hold my hand.
When I walk with you I want you to
grab my hand.
I like it when you make dinner for me.
I would like to make dinner for you.
When I find something beautiful, I want to share it with you.
When you find something beautiful, I want you to share it with me.
When you ask me to do something I tend to do it.
I don't tell you what to do because you are a woman and
since it is impossible to tell a woman what to do, then I don't.
Everything that you do is already correct anyways.
Hence forth my loving you will be my routine, and you loving me your routine. My love will be
expressed in actions. Your actions are already lovable.
When you are cold you can cuddle against my warm body.
When I am hot I will cuddle next to your cold body.
So it is wise if you were to kiss me
Kissing you is wise

There is poetry in your lips and
Also poetry in mine.

DS Poem June 25, 2014
Love Poem

Time runs out on the beach

Today I packed onions to
bring to your house.
It is to reflect the sour nature of
life without good wet kisses.
Not just a greeting kiss but a kiss
for pleasure.
Now the heat has risen too far
cooling our relationship
My dreams are of cool breezes.
But low and behold, even the beach is cruel-no breeze. I need
not just wet kisses, but "the smell of peonies in a penthouse on a June night, for the light at the
end of a pier in Gatsby....Not those things really-because you know that the very rich were duller
than you and me-but what those things evoked. The sardonic bittersweet vocabulary of Cole
Porter love songs, the sad sentimental Rodgers and Hart lyrics," erica jong
I am back in my solitude but
"solitude is un-American"
As the temperature rises the coolness of water just gets sweeter.
Like passion is cooled by wet kisses.
I seek the relief of the sea even though it is shallow.
Oh what to do with a low tide, something that time will cure.
With time the music of the waves returns
How much time does it take to reach the desired state.
There's no easy lunch for the gulls on a empty beach so they fight.
Time runs out on the beach.

Jun 25

DS Poem June 25, 2014
Beach Poem
Love Poem

The pleasure of your company is like:

The pleasure of your company is like;
The begomet in tea,
The taste of fresh mulberries
Marinated mushroom sauce
The cool breeze across the field
The light at sunset
The conversation at afternoon tea
The aloe on a sunburn
The trills in a Beethoven piano sonata.
Just washed sheets on the bed.
The cool air of a night time summer drive
The flavor of mountain tea,
The flavor of mountain tea with honey
Pepper on the soup
Cold watermelon on a hot day
The sand under your feet on the beach
The bliss after meditation
The bass notes on a grand piano
Real creme in coffee
A fine cotton blanket in summer
But still could be better with a
good wet kiss on the lips all just
For the pleasure of it.

DS Poem June 28, 2014
Love Poem

Today I visited the rock beach

Today I visited the rock beach.
I went alone with no one,
because I did not know anyone
who was going anywhere.
After I visited the rock beach
I visited the fern beach
I was surprised to find moon rocks
At both beaches.
It was a long journey for me getting
to the rock beach
My legs had to weave and twist over the rocks
At the fern beach one could slip.
I picked out earrings for my sweetheart at the rock beach
It is more likely I find a special rock for my sweetheart
at the rock beach
Very few sweethearts appreciate rocks and some don't even know they are my sweetheart.

The sufis say:

"what is kindness? To make a breast out of stone and make both worlds your suckling babes"
MN 42
Mosibat-nama

Jun 24

DS Poem June 28, 2014
Beach Poem

After Molly groaned

I finally reached the beach after
molly groaned.
I was stressed from moving a grand piano.
After the sound of the waves crashed against my mind I become mellow.
Molly is a mason hamlin baby grand and released a tune while she was being moved, her
groans gave me worry.
Men think everything beautiful is a women.
But my heart gives me thoughts of you.
So i go to the beach to write poems or my going to the beach causes me to write poems.
But now that I think I have a beach series of poems now I have to write.
Beethoven would suggest a long walk.
Soon I will take to the sea like flipper.
Why not write in straight up prose,
I just hope love in the heart burns up cholesterol and all the other silly wishes. Why does it mat-
ter because life without love has no value. And if love in heart burns cholesterol then I am fine.
Now if only I could strain my muscle for love. Even the tide comes in to meet me giving me a
deep sea.
Every book said to me take this herb,
Soon I was taking 5000 herbs a day, swiss herbal melange, etc etc
Perhaps I had gone mad, I was curing the ills that I thought I would have in the future.
So the Master stared at me and said people are searching for some special herb to cure their
ills but a glance of grace is a cure for all ills of the world.
Then simran became my herbs
And my only ill was a constant pain in my heart.
The sea comes to meet me,

Birdie comes to meet me.
I will knock off the words
And beat my arms against the sea.
As the sun marches to 11 o'clock
After what was the longest day.
There was a time I wanted to follow into the woods and mark its descent on the tree like an Indian so I would have a calendar.
I am talking of the 11 o'clock, most northwest sun at 6:30pm.
Now if i can juggle then my stress has gone away, if i can not then I am not cool and my prana is disturbed.
The enlightened man's prana flows and his kundalini is wrapped around his third eye with snake heads like the medicine symbol. What doctors know that?
6:30 the geese decide to leave the beach, only to return at 6:45 in a strange parade.
As I left the sun refused to set,
I met skunk face, and given his weaponry, i decided it was time to go. Time had run out on the beach.

jun 28

DS Poem June 28, 2014
Beach Poem
Mystic Poem

When love arrives, intellect flees

When I am surrounded by sufi and sikh books I am well.
When I awake before morning light
and sit in silence then I am well.
When I listen to the gurbani channel
then I experience peace.
When I read John Main I enjoy the
the life of a monk.
When I cultivate the path of absolute love then I have reached the ultimate.
" Once love has come to dwell in a breast, It makes the soul despair of existence.
Love of the Beloved is fire; the intellect smoke.
When love arrives, intellect flees.
TT 215-216
tasawwof wa adabiyat-e tasawwof

P 25 (Love, Eros)
Sufi Symbolism, volume 2
Dr. Javad Nurbakhsh

DS Poem June 30, 2014
Mystic Poem

My PhD Thesis

My PhD thesis on how knots are
formed and whether it is the work of the devil.
Today I did the neurotic house wife workout with all it's molecular movements.
How the car gets so messy I don't know? Answer rushing?
I had 5 rain ponchos in the car.
I live in a scatter brain household
where love is not the cohesive glue.
Everyone runs their own way, not cooking dinner.

DS Poem June 30, 2014

Thoughts expressed one can turn to silence

Today was a slow day for the cabs
but a busy day for the gulls,
As it was Sunday many people came to the beach so the gulls went in search of booty.
Flying pirates circling around, swerving this way and that.
You could sense the pleasure the gulls had floating into the wind like a kite-no need to beat the wings.
It's almost all ladies on the beach and few men only men with mates.
The little girls will seriously check you out not able to contain their curiosity.
I swim in a choppy sea
It's calm after getting rid of
Crazy people but with a cost of 2 million.
I could go home but only to find a hot house and no one there.
Molly will be there, I could stroke her sloping curves and massage her with lemon oil. And think about the pleasure she will give me.

Thoughts expressed one can turn to silence.

DS Poem June 29, 2014
Beach Poem

Molly is Mason Hamlin Grand Piano
Billy Joel wrote a song for his Baby Grand.

The poem is after the silence

The poem is after the silence
One does not write poems
They appear out of silence as afterthoughts
The words that appear are compelling
Absolute detachment is best

DS Poem July 2, 2014

Announce what you are doing and do it alone:

I am going to the opera,
I am going to Shakespeare in the park,
I am going to the beach,
I am going to satsang,
I am going to be early for everything
I am going to bed
If there is no soulmate to go with me
then my soulmate is death
meaning God realized in annihilation.
Everything is a prelude to my love affair. Which takes place at 3am.
I have taken the Sikh vows, to rise at 3am for meditation. So dinner is at 5pm. bedtime is 8pm.
In the evening I toss and turn for love.
In the morning my tossing ends
And I sit.

DS Poem July 2, 2014
Mystic poem

The mulberry hangs on the tree

The mulberry hangs on the tree
waiting to be plucked
Plenty are offered and the birds have already left full.
sweetness is offered for the taking
Love hangs in the air
The music of the spheres rumbles in the background

DS Poem July 2, 2014

My car is me

My car is me
I am stripped naked
Late at night I hear tiger frogs
The cool breeze cures my
Virsisitude
My car has my money
In my car is my clothes
My car goes to work
Without my car I am stripped naked
My car goes places
While I seem stuck.
I lock my things in my car
So i can go naked.
My car can become cool.
My car can become warm.
But I am stuck in the weather.
I am stuck without my car.
I would not see the person
that i love without my car.

DS Poem July 3, 2014

I knew someday this day would come

It seems strange that it seems that you are the only one in my life,
but at the same time it is not less but more.
I once journeyed the world
Now my only journey is to you
I sort of knew the real journey was within.
And the day would come that it would begin.

DS Poem July 3, 2014

Beach poem Jul 2

It was a hot day with big rollers precursors to Arthur.
Relief required the water.
When the flies come
the splendor in the sand will be over
And it will be good that I went when I did.
In the rough sea
you can swim to nowhere

DS Poem July 2, 2014
Beach Poem

Your well is deep

Your well is deep
The water is running over
Three times in Spring there is a flood
Without a dam much is lost
The days pass
The cup is full to the brim
Runneth over
Waiting for the Beloved
Only Greek Fire can save
Civilization

From the onslaught of the barbarians
East & west meet in the middle
Beware Turkish cannons at the gate

DS Poem July 3, 2014
Mystic Poem

The time has come to double down

The time has come to double down
I'm gonna up the ante
I'm gonna break the barrier
I gonna cross into timeless wonder
It's time to spend my love
Take big expenditures on love
Im gonna nuke my forehead with radiation
Im gonna blow my Mind
My Mind, mayray, my love
On the way to its coronation
The nuclear fallout will scorch the earth
The volcano will pulverize the trees
It will look like Mt. St. Helene's
Volcanic ash will fall for miles
A burning fire will spread far and wide
In which new life will come in the volcanic soil
My Mind loves me
I love my Mind
My mind loves my Guru
My guru loves me
We all go to our kingdoms
And take up a throne
From prismatic heart hot lava will flow tumbling into the cold river
Heating it up
Creating a tale no one will believe
Time is not the issue
It is the intensity
These words are hot off the printing press and are intended to burn you
The fire is so hot that it is actually cold
Remind me of Darshan
And the knee that wont bend bends
They ask me about the supplements i take
I said I am supplemented

They offered me their pill of ideology
With the King of the Mind my friend
They offered me bitcoins
I refused their poison pills
I refused their bitcoins
Ive already shallowed a pill
Oh Mind talk to your King
Make the night a jungle
Still not deep enough
Go deeper longer deeper
It takes time to execute the brain surgery

DS Poem July 3, 2014
Mystic Poem

Fickle is fate

Fickle is fate
The moments when two lovers can meet are not many.
But the moments for one lover can be many for a lucky few.
My soul needs the words of a foreign tongue.
Those words are Persian, Urdu, Greek and French and English with an accent

DS Poem July 4, 2014

Beach poem July 5 Hammonasset

Today the gulls coasted on their jetstream.
Their ancient brains seem to know all the secrets of windsurfing.
At the big beach
The ocean beach
White gulls are clean gulls
Different birds

Different rocks
Different waves
I'm not allowed to not change
According to Heraclitus
Perhaps walking is best for poetry
On the beach
But in reality nothing is better or best for anything in a no platitude world my world.

DS Poem July 5, 2014
Beach Poem

Deep in the heart of God time is currency

On my journey deep into the heart of God, there is nothing else in my life.
My life is empty.
Nothing works,
Stillness and Mantra,
The Love of Absolute God is my Romance.
The world has refused me so I will leave it.
The pleasures of the world are expensive, so I will enjoy the pleasures of the next.
Time is currency.

DS Poem July 7, 2014
Mystic Poem

Zen poem

Just blank
No feeling from elsewhere
Just sand under feet
No words
Muscles moving
Wind blowing
Timeless
Sun shining
Nothing to write
Sound of the waves
Rest

DS Poem July 5, 2014

Beach Poem

Salt & sand crusted in sweat

Salt sand crusted in sweat
The thoughts swirling around me
evaporated
In my heart was a big knot,
I'm either in love or have heart disease.
I had become mindless muscle.
The seagulls fly over head listlessly.
Soon my thoughts returned and they were only my thoughts and not some one else's.
Ecstasy is infinite and burns it's
way out all of your pores.
Some men seek ecstasy thru muscle,
others thru mind,
They don't know that from the top down, it trickles down.
The waves wash over my mind,
the sun burns my skin,
Sand, salt, water, rocks, sun and grit cover the earth my body.
It was a mistake to separate mind from body, perhaps they misunderstood Plato.
Better to separate soul from mind and connect soul to body with no mind
Now my body walks and my soul sulks.
If I keep working at it I will
reach the delight in the little girl's
smile.

DS Poem July 8, 2014
Beach Poem

I was intoxicated in a short time

I was intoxicated in a short time.
Was it the tea?
Was it the sunshine?
Was it the smile on her face?
Was it the curve of Her waist?
This poem gives expression to my feeling.

DS Poem July 18, 2014
Love Poem

Plato's Ideal Beauty

Strange amongst all the glamour of New York, I find you the most glamorous.
Amongst all the beautiful people, I find you the most beautiful.
Amongst all the cuisines it is your cooking that is best.
Amongst a throng of sexy ladies I am only attracted to you (with help from the perfume).
Among all the words being said, I want to hear yours.
Amongst all the conversations, only you have something new and intriguing to say.
Who appreciates you the most?

DS Poem July 19, 2014
Love Poem

Your poetry is elegant, sensitive and expressive.
You are a Scheherazade of beautiful things with treasure chests full of
rubies, sapphires, diamonds and pearls, which you pull out to share in the light. You make me
wonder what other gems you are hiding.

Send me the one with the autumn flower

DS Poem July 12, 2014
Love Poem

When I am empty and full, I am full

When I am empty and full, I am full.
When I am full and empty, I am empty

When I am full and full, I am empty
When I am empty and empty, I am empty.

DS Poem July 13, 2014
Love Poem

Come kiss me

Come kiss me
Did I not say
You could kiss me
Kiss me square on the lips
Put your body and heart into it
After our kiss then you can take a breath of air.
But you must
When I say
Come hither
Or my heart will wither.
The same is true
That what you want from me
I will give to you.
That which comes to me
Comes out of me.
And so it must be
That you will soon see
That once it is done
It can soon be repeated

DS Poem July 14, 2014
Love Poem

The curve of your hip

Do not go away, dear one;
Come, sit down close to me.
Why wander, aimless like a stranger?
You have the mark of acquaintance
Shah Ne'mato'llah

Beholding is within reach,
As are the Kiss and embrace;
I am grateful for my fortune and the course of events.
Hafez

Touch has a memory
John Keats

Let your religion be less of a theory and more of a love affair
G.K. Chesterton

There's no value in not telling you -I love you

I wanted to call you but I didn't.
Even though I thought of you all day.
I was so lost in my love for you I couldn't speak to you.
I just wanted to think about you.
You are so sweet to love. You
fill me with sweetness and bliss.
I feel you even in my bones like a sweet nectar.
Your Greek music serenades me to sleep.
I think of how sweet Turkish music grips me,
and fills me with longing for exotic lands along the Bosphorus.
I wish for you to be mixed blood with Turkish so I can kiss those cells of your body that are
Greek then kiss
those cells that are Turkish.

My Love for you has your personality.

My Love for you has your personality.
It is sweet and gentle.
It is poetic and sensitive, delicate, soft and tender
It is nurturing and nourishing
It is like the poetry you write.
It pulsates like a big star in the sky
In my heart.
It is so special that on the lane of love it is completely off the map.

So it is a kiss you should be trying.
So it must be
Soon you will see
Once it is done
It can soon be repeated.

DS Poem July 14, 2014
Love Poem

Do not go away, dear one;
Come, sit down close to me.
Why wander, aimless like a stranger?
You have the mark of acquaintance
Shah Ne'mato'llah

Beholding is within reach,
As are the Kiss and embrace;
I am grateful for my fortune and the course of events.
Hafez

Some believe in reason,
Some believe in thought,
Others believe in emotion
I believe in none of these.
Some cherish the past
Others dream of the future
I care for neither.

DS Poem July 15, 2014
Mystic Poem

My lust has to go where my love is

My lust has to go where my love is.
I told my sperm they could have you.
When I told them this they stopped their rebellion and agreed to wait.
I said I love you deeply, intellectually and spiritually.
As the summer passes and
I want the body of a greek women
I want the body of a turkish women
And I want the body of a french women and the body of a english women.

DS Poem July 16, 2014
Love Poem

Beach Poem July 17

I washed away dirt of motion with more motion.
I stepped into the dark grey sea
and swam to neither buoy.
The clouds lie lazy in the sky.
Sad it seems already the days shorten.
The moon changed from full to half in what seemed a few days.
The gulls meandered on a dreary Thursday afternoon, waiting for the weekend and their fat lunches.
The sun gleamed and stood it's ground.
Soft waves pounded the shore.
My heart ached in longing.
The geese trumpeted their arrival and march into the sea.
No one knows their purpose.
The cruel crow came alone.
Time passes at it's own pace on the seashore.
My body seeks strength
My mind seeks serenity
My soul seeks love
My heart seeks joy
The same swimmers come.
And others think I'm the same swimmer.

DS Poem July 17, 2014
Beach Poem

Hard Hundred and the Fifty dollar

Waste of time

In the early morning quiet and still

A black cab rolled slowly down the hill
In the cool breeze of early morn,
The moon was with mars,
A bird was asleep on the rode.
Taxis rolled by at an empty pace
Some black, some white.
The empty route is a smooth route.
Being empty is a different ride than
being full.

When a storm comes up and the sky darkens, the horse goes back to the barn,
The cab driver goes to the parking lot,
On his day off, the cab driver drives around the town in his own car looking for meaning.
On Sunday old men take out their sports car and go for a Sunday drive.
The cab driver picks up the girl at the beach with the sexy bikini.
Once I never saw a cab on the road, now I see them all.
Once I never heard the chime in the symphony, now I hear it.
Everyone wishes they were somewhere else, that's why they call a cab.
The cab drivers all wish they were somewhere else.
In heavy rush hour traffic, the master cab driver weaves a crooked route looking like a spider-
web and enjoys his escape.

DS Poem July 18, 2014
Taxi Poem

When I go to my sweetheart's house love is a joy

When I go to my sweetheart's house.
I get a cup of mountain tea.
Sometimes with honey sometimes without.
I accept whatever she gives me and other times I might request honey.
She is Greek but raised on Turkish soil.
So she has eyes like a Persian princess.
Her belly is smooth and curvaceous like a sexy belly dancer.
She is brainy and her mind is full of brilliant ideas.
Her soul is awakened and enlightens her mind.

The fava beans she cooks are plump and tasty.
The mountain tea is so good that I ask for more and more.
I often times may have four cups.
She always serves olives fresh from the market.
Her skin has the tint of olives as if she grow out of 10,000 years of olive trees.
When she puts on perfume, a sweet aroma fills the air.
The sweet possibility of love is also in the air.
Her lifestyle is socratic as if she once trained under the great man in the agora.
When they asked Socrates 'how would you live in heaven in eternity' and he said just as I am
now.
Likewise I would live just as I am but with sweet Hariclia as my companion because love is a
joy.

DS Poem July 18, 2014
Love Poem

Beach Poem July 18

The sea was calm as could be
For as far as I could see
So in I did dive
And swam to the count of five
Buoys that is
Not gulls

DS Poem July 18, 2014
Beach Poem
Sherwood Island State Park
I got a year pass
And swam at the beach
Westport, Ct

On the way to my sweetheart's house
I picked flowers on my way.
I wondered perhaps that that was the purpose of flowers.
I thought of all the flowers along the way and in the woods and in the yards.

I wondered if they were all going to be delivered to some sweetheart somewhere or was there a lack of love in the world, which had led to this abundance of flowers.
I wondered if the flowers were happy to be going to my sweetheart's
I placed them in water on the way so they could arrive alive and well.
They were going as a symbol of the love in my heart.
I wondered if they could see my sweetheart come and sit on my lap with her arms around me as she looked at them. Would they feel our bliss?
On the way to my sweetheart's house I stop at the library and picked out a new book.
I picked a book of persian poetry.
I wonder if the book was there so I could read just the right poem about love.
My sweetheart serves me eggplant with a especially sweet tomato sauce. She puts the red blood of her own heart in the sauce and creates a taste so sweet I fall into a state of contentment and delight.
We talk about the past
She says she wanted me.
I imagine her standing on the street in New York after we part long ago.
And felt a great loss.
I wondered about the now and then and felt a regret.
But the poetry said sadness was not wise and the sadness was gone.
Then I realized now she has me.
What sweet revenge.
Perhaps now sweet for me.
We celebrated the birthday of Sawan like our own sweet granddad.

The hand of fate I've seen
But when fate wells up love
beauty, truth and wisdom.
I wonder at such awesome grace.
Such a tragedy and comedy only Shakespeare, Beethoven and homer could embrace.
Tis sweet love we have my dear.

DS Poem July 20, 2014
Love Poem

P 99
And if your slender waist's not destined for the likes of me
I still know happiness when I invoke its memory. Hafez
P 99

I am the slave of your poetic nature
P 99

"Come then", a voice within the wine-shop
Last night admonished me,
You've gained contentment, now accept
This stage as Fate's degree."

Hafez
P 111

Beach poem July 20

Waves today are so close it is as though they are crashing inside me.
I feel the music of my sweetheart love crashing over me like the waves.
I wanted her vibrations, to touch her, to feel her, to know her more.
I wanted to dive into the ocean of her love, immerse myself in her. Feel the vibrations of her body.

I swam and swam until even the Mexican army saw me there.
Then I turned over and began to float. My waves came back to me in a sweetened harmony.
Perhaps it not as complicated as it seems.
I just wanted to hold you and kiss you.
One day you became the only one
It's also not so strange it's a basic human need. The need for caring, the need for sharing.

I picked up little shells
After I heard her sweet bells
Long did I stay
Because I did not have to pay.
I will make love to her dont you worry
I'm not in a hurry.

DS Poem July 20, 2014
Love Poem
Beach Poem

Greek logic

Life has it's rules
There are exceptions
It is wise to love you
It is not wise to love other women.

DS Poem July 21, 2014

While I listen to Kreisler playing Liebesleid

I thank you for the beautiful music you send me, it talks from me , it talks to me, I feel it deeply in my heart, the music now is you, the music remind me of you, it brings you back close to me, your presence as strong as when you are here.
I feel strange, I feel as if all the cells in my body have been rearranged, or maybe renewed, I hardly recognize myself, and it is fine like that, it is better like that.
So much is new now everything is unknown. I have to star from the beginning, a beginning with you filling the space around me, inside out. You fill me like music does deep inside the soul and you expand like music all around me.
I love the things you write about me the ways you talk about you loving me, your small poems, I love you tender heart your tender ways.
I will never be the same again, what happens to me I don't completely understand, but it feels wonderful, I like to feel like this for ever, always missing you, always wanting you, always thinking of you, I like that, and I thank you.

DS Poem July 22, 2014
Love Poem

My busy materialistic and nonmaterialistic life.

In the morning I plug in at the third eye. Then my "I" has to vaporize while my Soul recharges. It is said that time is a factor. To get to the timeless, you need pretty much unlimited time. Faced with six hours 3am to 9am, the mind pretty much accepts as unlimited time.
Sleep is way overrated. Six hours is usually enough. Sleep is the little sister of death and one day of life is a microcosm of a human life. As goes one day so goes the life. And each day may be the last. How does one give their best to that which is their highest priority and likewise their worst to their lowest priorities? In the end one has to create their own religion. Ravi Dass has said it takes six month to unite but only one day to fall down. Sawan Singh has said if you sit and meditate for three hours you will leave the body.

DS Poem July 22, 2014
Mystic Poem

When a women begins to love a man she creates a blossom
Her body explodes and creates new stars like a god in expansion
Her orgasm creates new life.
Her skin takes on a glow.
Her love radiates like the waves on a quiet pond.
Is it this mystery that the sculptors hand felt in ancient times as they sculpted Aphrodite.
She has a orgasm in her dreams and begins to vibrate.
Like a mini Goddess she creates her own music so her man to hear.
She creates a bliss fine and sweet.
The blossom in her heart is a sweet perfume. Her man feels the waves like the sunshine on his face and his heart begins to ache.
Wise men are in awe of her power unknowable. They even put her statue in the forum.
A mystery only sappho, homer, ancient poets could describe.
Happy husbands drink her nectar
They obey her every command and make her a goddess.
Men without such a women starve
She moves the earth and makes it turn.
Her love is a fire that can burn or warm.
Men without her freeze to death
She emits a nectar from her breasts one of tea the other honey.
She responds to a flower with a flower. She surrenders her body in sublime passion.

Her lips are moist and sweetened.
Her eyes have a glimmer.
In her smile is delight.
If she is a poet her response is brave and quick
She tosses and turns in her bed and moves the heavens with her desire.

He kisses her arms, then kisses her neck then kisses her lips. He promises to try all kinds of kisses and promises to kiss every inch.
Her body already is a glow from future kisses.
With his arms around her waist he soothes her worries.
She becomes his sweetheart, darling and dear.
He craves her body with her silent consent. He feels her softness and his own heart becomes mellow.
Longing is sweet but needs it's embrace.
They walk in the sun and smell a flower.
As the trees have a drink, their love begins to blossom. It becomes Spring in Summer.
Of such sweet love Shakespeare should write.
As the bitter orange tree grows he drinks an orange tea not bitter but sweet.
She drinks up mint with his honey.
She becomes his honey.
They talk of music and poetry.

Sublime wisdom is on the edges.
In ancient music and poetry.
It is wise to not miss it.
And where is a women to love him tis her. Where is the man to love her, tis him.
She seeks to steal a rose and ends up stealing his. His heart is her rose stolen.

He drinks from her eyes and eats from her lips and enjoys the beauty within her.

The waves she sends are a dance of contentment and longing.
Though she speaks of the beauty of the short poem, the experience of loving her is an epic.

DS Poem July 22, 2014
Love Poem

I am grateful for you kiss and your touch and a dream.
My longing is a companion to my longing.
I gave you my heart
now be merciful
Soothe me love me
Now I am heartless
and only your soft hands can revive me.
Put your hand on my chest and give it back to me
and hold it there
But I don't want it back
when you leave
take it away from me.
Strange thing, I love also this poem.

DS Poem July 23, 2014
Love Poem

I put my own hand on my cheek but it was your hand.
I put my hand on my hip but it was your hips.

I put my hand on my breasts but it was your breasts
Is this your bed of ecstasy?

DS Poem July 23, 2014
Love Poem

Tis flesh not words
Love is an action
Flesh is connected to soul

Love will grow
Will even love you more
Ache will stay

Love is a fire I cant put out

Anything that connects us more
I long for that

DS Poem July 24, 2014
Love Poem

As I passed by the river
I thought of her affection.
And what I should give her.
Then I saw a reflection
When I stepped into the water
my mood was better.

I thought of her poem
on the way home.
She wrote a poem from her heart and body
like a feminine Saadi
Her poem causes mine to rhyme
some of the time.

When I swim in the sea it grows my muscles so I can put then more softly around her.

And creates a harmony,
That i can see.
Her words even have a curve,

DS Poem July 24, 2014
Love Poem

I dreamed you worked in a flower shop and were my lover.
By day you arranged flowers
In evening cooked tomatoes
At night we lie entangled
Our joy was great
We learned to appreciate
You always had smiles
When I came you hugged me
As Autumn leaves fell
Our hearts were full
Of happiness
Music filled the air
and our eyes met at the most beautiful parts.

DS Poem July 25, 2014
Love Poem

When is your vacation?
My vacation is the weekend.
I go to Queens
To greece france korea and spain
My sweetheart is the world to me.

DS Poem July 25, 2014
Love Poem

In all my wisdom
I don't understand why
That our love was once lost
.. I don't understand why
That all those years passed by
.... I don't understand why

That all my money was lost
... I don't understand why

That the world was cruel
... I don't understand why

Now that I hug you
... I understand why

That your lips are sweet
... I understand why

That Hafez wrote what he did
.... I understand why

When my soul doth rise and pop into the sky
.... I don't need to understand why

DS Poem July 29, 2014
Love Poem
Mystic Poem

When my sweetheart lies down flat,
I worship at her temple
with kisses and hugs.
She smiles and I squeeze.
Love never was so sweet.
She says a few words,
which stick to my heart.
Some parts of her are hot
and other parts cold.
I move my hand from hot to cold.
When she has a want,
she can be bold.
I rub her down to her feet.
It's always good when we meet.

We are two swans.
All my ex-girlfriends were geese.
It's natural I love her so.
Though I am slow.
Her love rushes like a stream.
But my heart works quick.

She is a sweet little farm girl.
I am a wolf.
I've come looking for her
because she might be good
to eat

When we walk in the park
she swings her arm
with every remark.

I hope my words remember she will,
She has put words into me with a drill.

My heart breaks even when she is with me.
I just wish she would kiss me.

My poems to her aren't belabored
They are fun.
When I started to write a poem about our differences,
I decided we had none.

DS Poem July 30, 2014
Love Poem

When the softness of your hand
was etched into my brain,
I just stood-by and let it happen.
When the pearly white color of your legs was carved into my brain,
I just stood-by and let it happen.

When the soft flow of your waist flowed into my arm,
I just stood-by and let it happen.
When you poured a sweet nectar of aloe into my mouth,
I just stood-by and let it happen

If I end up loving you to death,
I will just standby and let it happen.

DS Poem July 28, 2014
Love Poem

After we made love
I couldn't figure out why
Everything became more beautiful.
I was in a perfect state of contentment
I couldn't figure out why
You asked me to get up.

If i have sex with you i might want u more
I don't care if that is so

DS Poem July 26, 2014
Love Poem

July 2014

When my sweetheart digresses into something intellectual
.... I feel lucky
When she says she wants me
I feel lucky
When she serves me tea
I feel lucky

When she rubs my back
 I feel lucky
When I feel the smoothness of her legs
 I feel lucky
When I feel the roundness of her breasts
 I feel lucky
When she brings me potatoes smothered in herbs
 I feel lucky
When she makes me fruit salad covered in lime,
 I feel lucky

When she says I am lucky
 than I am lucky

When I bring her a flower,
 It blooms in her heart

DS Poem July 30, 2014
Love Poem

I rarely go far
Unless it is in someone else's car
I live in the country
But go to the city to see Mama.
My sweetheart is sublime
I see her all the time.
My sweetheart likes a rhyme
... and I think of her all the time.

On the way down
The father grumped at the boy
When he should have been full of
 Love and joy

While other people are somber
perhaps my joy is best secret

DS Poem July 31, 2014
Love Poem

Withered Beauty

Withered Beauty
Almond of my eyes
Blonde Tresses
Wrinkled skin
Denim shirt
Developed low end jewelry
Refined looks
A ravishing beauty to my eyes
Tuesday evening library lady ladies
Where do you come from and where are you going
No wedding ring
Are you free to take?
Perhaps I have too much sperm
This time of year?
Take your time while
I enjoy your cool presence
Flirt with me so I can
Enjoy your lush breasts
And smooth ass.
Your blue glasses and blondness
The sexy librarians lure me
What a beautiful women I think

Angela LaPick

DS Poem July 30, 2014

Was it the food or the kisses?
When I met my sweetheart
I got a positive charge
The people around me were somber
 But I felt a bit light
 thinking of her
My day actually was bright.
The love she gives me is just right
She put love in my lunch &
 passionate kisses on my lips.

She connected.

The rich man passenger's brain was cynical and bleak
He treated his own son like
a stranger
He should have been full of love and joy just to be together
His son left me with a smile.

When I got home no one was there.
It was just Molly and me.
I listened to her deep voice.
God saved my Queen.
Now i speak in abstract metaphor
My sweetheart edits my dreams and i just let it happen
Our love comes with a thousand tag lines
Her words penetrate my heart and leaves me helpless.
She issues commands in english french and greek
and my soldiers obey.
I would like to see her more often even every day.

DS Poem July 31, 2014
Love Poem

I love you, I love you, I love you.
I love you, I love you, I love you.

I love you, I love you, I love you.
I love you, I love you, I love you.

I love you, I love you, I love you.
I love you, I love you, I love you.

I love you, I love you, I love you.
I love you, I love you, I love you.

Is the beat of my heart

DS Poem July 31, 2014
Love Poem

I want her in my body
So she is in my mind.
I want her in my mind
So she touches my soul
If she touches my soul
Then I'll be more whole.

I want to plant a garden
With memories of her as flowers
I can watch all the flowers grow
and sense all the fragrance
It adds color and beauty
to my life.
It gives me pleasure
I can walk on the path through the garden with my arms around her with a focus
on the present.
I wish I didn't have to miss her.
Instead it would be better to kiss her.

In the garden would be herbs
I'd put them to her lips
and sample every flavor
Out of our hearts would flower
Music and poetry.
We would walk a long and winding path into glory.

DS Poem august 1 2014
Love Poem

The Master is a big fat liar or
The lies the Master told to me

When you meditate for 20 minutes you dont leave the body
What is that for?
The truth is it takes about 3 to 4 hours to leave the body. Ask Hazur!
And to learn to do 3 hours effectively it takes six hours.
It takes an insane amount of time to meditate.

Master is a big fat liar.

Master says you can live in the world and have God too. Have a family and wealth too.
Actually everything must be destroyed, you lose your family, you must lose all your money. It's scorched earth. Until nothing exists but God and you are poor
You can not get though
Jesus said it right
For a rich man to enter heaven is like putting a camel through the eye of a needle.
You can't meditate unless you have nothing. You have to give up everything.
Everything is destroyed then you get to meet the devil.

Again, Master is a big fat liar.

Master says you can marry and have children. Wrong, first of all you can't find a virtuous wife that is enlightened. First of all only 2 in a million are enlightened and the one that is enlightened is probably meditating and is not interested in you.
You don't know if a relationship is past karma or new. Many initiates have initiate wives/ husbands that have ended in divorce with multiple marriages. The children take all your time then leave you at 20. Listen to cat Stevens. It is all a lie and a concession he made to Kal.
The truth is you have to be totally celibate or the spirit does not rise. No sex ever. On the other hand maybe he is right many marriages end in no sex ever - tis celibacy. Maybe marriage is celibacy. After all St Paul says it's better to marry than to burn!
Family is usually cruel and one has to turn to strangers when looking for kindness. The Granth says "it times of trouble, your friends and family run away".

Again, Master is a big fat liar.

Master likes to eat and party at big events.
You can't both eat and meditate. Even the ability to focus on Darshan is poor with food. I big satsang events the path of eating. They even have a veggiefest. It is all a big lie.
To withdraw from the party you have to starve to death. Eating at night in the evening poisons meditation at 3am. Eating food cooked by another is also poison. One can only eat food cooked by your own hand. The Master also likes to party until late and then recommends you meditate at 3am. The unenlightened say ok we will wait until tomorrow. The enlightened know there is no tomorrow.

The master is a big fat liar and disrupts one meditation.

DS Poem August 1, 2014

Mystic Poem

When I touch you
I look for your smile
I'm looking for the women in you
The women that touches me
The charming women of my dreams
A women to love me.

DS Poem August 2, 2014
Love Poem

Your love makes me strong
When the rain falls on the world
It doesn't fall on our love
Our love is floating above and within.
It gives me hope
You're in my body
My body runs for you
You're in my mind
My mind runs for you
My love for you
Is deep in my soul
and gives direction
Our passion gives me strength

DS Poem August 2, 2014
Love Poem

Between the devil and God
is my sperm
They don't know which
Direction to turn

DS Poem August 3, 2014
Mystic Poem

I've grown accustomed to the street
Where you live
When walk to your house
I say hello to the Sikh
On Astoria blvd is everything I need
Astoria blvd is smooth and family.
One weekend is for Columbia
The next is for Ecuador
I say hello to the flower
And the love-blossoms in my heart

DS Poem August 3, 2014
Love Poem

I felt no loss but a gain

We walked along the trail of our past.
Even though I should have felt a loss, I felt a gain.
Our love was so strong
It erased all the pain.
The man said "as long as you're happy"
And I felt happiness in my hand.
We went to your old door
we went to mine.
We walked in the park
The only loss I felt was for you.
I realized my happiness had no place but was with you.
I was so grateful you loved me too.
I stared at your picture and realized that it was the women I loved
It still had not sunk in.
So I looked again
It started to sink in.
It was late afternoon on the
Beautiful afternoon of our life.
You showed me your two trees
I was drowsy,

But the beauty was great
and I saw you working in the park.
And wished I was there.
To have love in your heart
Is very healthy
You become truly wealthy.
We traveled the world together to India and Korea
We dreamed of where we would go next
I realized I could find everything
I need on astoria boulevard.

DS Poem August 4, 2014
Love Poem

You are the sweet reward of my devotion

After I did my devotion,
It angered the devil,
Then the world became cruel to me
Then God countered with the gift of prophesy.
The Devil sent poverty.
So with nothing,
Only God was there.
With the Devil's Torture
I only increased my devotion
The Devil increased his torture
God became my darling.
Then the Devil gave up his fight
And said he is a lost one I'll let him go. The Devil became my friend and we were
able to compromise.

God's lightening struck me
And my love began to fall
It became rain and fell on you.
You are the sweet reward of my devotion
With Master in your halo,
You are the object of my devotion.
So the reward for devotion is more devotion.

DS Poem August 4, 2014

Love Poem
Mystic Poem

You shouldn't be sad
When I come you should be glad
Did I not give you me
Even though I jump in the sea
It's not wise to be sad
Give yourself to me
There will be nothing
to be sad
Anyways I'll be glad

Love is our ocean
We'll swim it together
The pain is a pleasure
Dive into my ocean
And kiss me recklessly
God loves a lover
When the King comes by
He'll give us a blessing
I wait for a poem to arise
In the meantime will
Kiss you endlessly

DS Poem August 5, 2014
Love Poem
Beach Poem

I awoke in the morning
and thought of my lover
I kissed her cheeks
Her memory was deep in my body
The scent of her body was on my arms
It was more bliss than longing

Was sweet to have and hold her

My life became heart directed
It directed me to her love
To not love is a pain
My mind thinks a thought
and my heart turns it around
Why think a thought at all
Just let the heart direct.
Only love is correct.

I saw a wasp
I thought of killing it
Then decided to let it go.
Whether I am stung or not stung
I no longer care.

We finally decided
We will use French, Spanish, Latin and Greek.
As well as German, Italian, Urdu and
hug cheek to cheek
Our love should be unending
and we'll travel to Crete

On our long walks
She likes to talk
She shares beautiful thoughts
Now the sun shines on our love
The past has come to the present
and present into the future.

DS Poem August 7, 2014
Love Poem

There was something new
and exciting in my heart.
It was a sort of ecstasy that included serenity.
Every inch of me said yes.
What happens to a heart that yearns?
Maybe I should go to the Doctor

and tell him I'm madly in love.
Maybe he has a pill.

I want to be strong and healthy
So I can project my love to you
constantly.
Any break is a mistake.
I like real wine not the earthy kind.
You are my eternal love sweet.

DS Poem August 8, 2014
Love Poem

I have a feeling
That our relationship
Is cosmic!
You are a special girl
Designed for me to love
Although we are in love
New buds are growing
To me you are a flower
Other times a swan
You affect what I see
You have root in the center
of me.
It's very organic
as well as romantic
Your love is a sweet thing
Planted inside me.
Each step we take is a word
Each walk a poem
We have undertaken the same
journey.

DS Poem August 8, 2014
Love Poem

I can be abstract

and wield great power
but I can't materialize a cake.
I need someone who can bake
Someone with the right intension
Someone with extra soft skin
I need love and attention
To love and be loved
will help me grow
Extra kisses are good for the complexion
Your love is pure
that I can be sure
I need a thousand kisses
and the one who gives them.
I don't know if my heart is bursting or breaking
Your every move has me waiting.
The seeds of our love were planted
and have now grown to a tree
and is well seasoned
Two trees surrounded by a lot
Of beauty
Your kind of love is especially sweet
and refined with honey
Your wine is from grapes on the moon
You walk with a gait
Our love is not too late
Seeing you is never too early
Soon I'll come at three
I wish you would love me
In the morning and evening
Remember me in the day
and kiss me in my bed.

My brain is a fallen hero
and now begs before the emperor
I have to be glad
to be given his princess.

DS Poem August 11, 2014
Love Poem

I want to make hay while the sun is shining.
I want the days that you are with me moved to now and not tomorrow.
I want that linden tree in our lawn
I want to be close to you so I can hear better your song
When you recite poetry I need to see your lips
I also have to give you a kiss.
It would be nice if we could grow tomatoes.
I need that smell and your perfume too.
I want many more walks in which we can talk.
I will play the piano while you take a shower.
I want your beauty
I didn't know it was possible but I fell in love with you more.
So I want you more
Come love me more and more

DS Poem August 11, 2014
Love Poem

I can feel the love I have for you
It comes with a strong pull
It pulls on me with a pleasure
It continues without break.
It wakes me up with an embrace
It has moved into my body
It has effected my taste
It comes over me with delight
It has made me completely new
It occupies my heart
When you are away it makes me sad
But then when I see you
I am tremendously glad
My feelings are no secret to you
I love you so much
I have gone mad.

DS Poem August 11, 2014
Love Poem

Even though she's my woman now
I touch her soft skin with care
I kiss her feet
Grateful she is there
She's been dipped in byzantine gold
She's like a treasure
I run my hands over my riches
Her shoulder is like a pearl
Her legs are made of ivory
She once walked the agora
She is quite bold
Because my heart is gripped
I'm already sold.
When she talks it is a plethora
Her accent is sexy
She is a poet
and can see right through stars.
She is a painter
and creates exquisite beauty
I like to squeeze her hand
while we walk along the shore
My life has a much sweeter texture
with her there.

DS Poem August 12, 2014
Love Poem

Life without you in my core
It's empty.
I look over there
And see nothing
The trees are hollow
So now the leaves must fall
What you fill me up with
I do not know
But something

It won't be long
My life without your kiss
It's wrong
I gave you all my keys
Now I must wait

When summer comes to an end
I need something beautiful
That is you.

DS Poem August 14, 2014
Love Poem

When your ear rings washed ashore
Then I knew I would love you more
When I swam with my fins together
I went stronger and faster
Two is better
After I swam a while
I felt a chill.

DS Poem August 14, 2014
Love Poem
Beach Poem

You're very refined
But I still think
We are better combined
I shouldn't have to
Spell it out
You should feel it
Whatever our differences are

I have refused to accept them
Love will reject them
Peace only really comes
In quiet contemplation

DS Poem August 15, 2014
Love Poem

From true love
I fell deep into chastity
I like to make love
After long contemplation
That's an interesting approach
Your body is incredibly balanced
You could float
Talk about tantra
After I say my mantra
The healing power
is incredible
No one really knows what is tantra
Nor do they say their mantra
The mantra says itself when you are dead
The principle place of prana is in the head
I have found a woman who can understand Darshan's poetry
She sings the linden tree
She is very refined
and has a sophisticated mind
I go beyond all forms of thought
But love of her is so dear
I hold it very near.
When I finally awaken she is the one who will hear.

DS Poem August 15, 2014
Love Poem

How could such peaceful bliss be true
It must be the special qualities of you

When I lie with you I am deeply content
It must be the special qualities of you!

How come my love now is sweet and gentle?
It must be the special qualities of you?

How come it feels as if I came to drink at the deepest well?
It must be the special qualities of you!

How come your food tastes so good and makes me feel so well?
It must be the special qualities of you?

How come you dig up some intriguing thoughts so well?
It must be the special qualities of you?

How come you paint so well?
It must be the special qualities of you?

Does all this mean you can love me especially well?
I want it to be a special new quality of you.

DS Poem August 19, 2014
Love Poem

Because of all the Gods and demons
I must placate
I'm busy
Being pagan
I have so many
When I have free time
I look for more
It's not necessarily a chore
It's the way it is
How can I explain it more
One wonders if these pagan Gods
are my mind.
Not much has changed since ancient times
To think it has
is a delusion
Many of these Gods are somewhere inside
Their influence did not subside
There is a channel
It not on the TV

It's up the middle
Heaven is not just up
It's up then in.
It's not really up at all.
It's just better to sit up to go in.
If you can't sit still
then move until you can
Someone said that eventually the mind gets tired and will go in
Then everything ceases to move
There are a lot of ways to obtain quietude.
the main way is love
If God is Kind you'll meet the oracle.
The secrets can be complex.
Mystic poetry is light in a dark room
It provides flowers
Like flowers it's useless as the worldly people say
So from them I'll stay away
If I have a system it is to let my head explode and embrace the cosmos
I now prefer to love correctly
So I just let it grow relentlessly
un..... ly
Now my words begin to fade
My hands have begun to hurt
I tripped on Rachmaninoff.

DS Poem august 20, 2014
mystic poem

During summer
Cucumbers, tomatoes and peppers are best
Whether you eat Italian, korean, persian, or Greek
You should just follow your instinct!
Around meat
You wrap sesame leaf
If you are in a rush then just dont eat.
Unless you want to damage your brain

DS Poem August 21, 2014

Beach Poem aug 20

I knew by the end of summer the entire beach
I must reach
So I swam and swam until it was just a duck and me.
I knew that if I was strong like the greeks then my mind would never be wrong
I knew if my fins were combined I would have more power
It is better to be combined.
The love of my sweetheart was in my body.
I had no desire for intellect
Just to be an athlete.

DS Poem August 20, 2014
Beach Poem

When I give you my heart
It is with pleasure
When I love you
I want to forever
When I give you a kiss
I want my passion to show
When I am gone
It is you I miss
My heart gets no rest
Unless next to yours
Otherwise it will jump
And not be at peace.
I wish you would come
and lie down with me
Your hands and head
Keep me warm
Your legs and belly
Keep me cool.
Your thoughts

Inspire my mind
Your soul
floats mine
Feel how much I love you
Don't miss it
Until I see you again
My thought "I love you"
is just going to repeat
and become my
Heartbeat.

DS Poem August 21, 2014
Love Poem

Beach Poem Aug 21

All summer I swam right
So instead I walked to the end
I swam the whole beach from right to left.
Heraclitus said man is irrational and Apollonius of Tyana agreed.
So there was no reason except I wanted to do the reverse.

DS Poem August 21, 2014
Beach Poem

Her memorized poem is like a net
she has launched a plot to steal my heart

Her words act like magic

I can close my eyes and listen to her talk

Her net is an array of exquisite beauty in which I am caught.

When loving me becomes her art
I will be especially lucky

After 3 days, I long for a kiss

A short kiss is not enough to satisfy my longing

She looks better and better with every smile

Without her I only wonder in a desert my skin turns dry

Heraclitus says moist is good

DS Poem August 22, 2014
love poem

Sweetheart,
I'll take your cake to be a love poem.
I'll take your poem as a kiss.
I'll take your kiss to be a poem.
I'll take your soft skin to be a poem
I'll kiss my favorite spot to make a poem
I'll take the sparkle in your eye as a poem
I'll take your hand on my cheek as it is
Your soft touch has worked on me

DS Poem August 25, 2014
love poem

Love is just a habit July 14

I usually call my sweetheart
around 11 in the morning.
When I don't call because I might be busy, she sometimes says you didn't call
and I got use to your call.
If there is hurt in her voice then maybe she loves me.

Even the love of God is just a habit
Being acquired by repetition

Given that mind relishes repetition.

When my sweetheart says it is too bad you are so far away, then I think maybe
she loves me.
So I go to her house again to make setting my foot on her doorstep a habit.

What is it about the soccer ball
that I sought to make it a habit
To love a ball seems a silly thing and to follow it around, somehow becomes a
pleasure.

Now we walk together
this weekend and next
When it's the right weather and even when it is not,
I will come to over the bridge.
For what may seem a moment

When she forgets about the wind then maybe she loves me and has forgotten
about the past.

When she puts on the perfume to attract me, then maybe it is because she loves
me.

When I go to her house, I open the window more and close it when I leave.

When I closed all the windows to my heart, I left one open just for her.
Now I am glad I did.

DS Poem August 27, 2014
Written July 14
Love Poem

Attar says:
My drunken heart like a bird half-dead
has fallen into the trap of a heart-holder like you.

Hafez says:
Don't ask why;
the fortunate devotee
Accepts with all his soul whatever
his soul-mate should say

Rumi says;
As I enter the solitude of prayer
I put these matters to Him, for He knows
That's my prayer-time habit, to turn and talk
That's why it's said: "My heart delights in prayer"
Through pureness a window opens in my soul
God's message comes immediate to me
Through my window the Book, the rain and light all pour into my room from
gleaning source
Hell's the room in which there is no window
To open windows, that's religion's goal.
(M3:2400-404)

When I brought the perfume, Jul 13
you put it on.
When you put on the perfume, I become attracted.
While I was attracted, you forgot about the wind.
When I came again you put on the perfume again with a smile, knowing I would
become attracted.
When we went for a stroll I felt the curve of your hip. Now you, the fragrance and
the place are a beautiful memory.

Touch has a memory
John Keats

DS Poem August 27, 2014
Love Poem

I came with empties
But I was full
When I left I was empty
But she was full.
And my empties were full
I came full of love
I came at her request

Her request was my wish
That is the mystery

She curated and pickled me
She filled me with olives
I learned a few things
and she did too.
Of course it was great
I want her completely
Ever since we took a walk
in the park,
We've been able to talk
We are internally succinct
We travel to Greece
Every moment is special
That is clear
I wish I could have a woman like her
I long for her to be near.
When I say I want her
She gives me a cake
She sometimes bakes with
four different flours
Quinoa, rice, almond and sunflower
Her emotional response can be complex
I wonder
When I open her door.
If she is complex I am likely to want her more.
She is very lovely.
I hope to see her more

DS Poem August 28, 2014
Love Poem

I'll let my words dance in the morning light
before it gets too bright
I have a girl who is just right
She is soft and tender
When I meet her we kiss
My arms wrap around her
She longs to meet me

and I long to meet her
I have so much love for her
I'm not sure she knows why
It feels right when we lie
We lie together
Writing a poem isn't that hard
My abstract mind can rest
and my heart sing it's tune
I used to be analytical
but that tends to make you critical
I feel that if I withdraw from the world,
it should be completely
All the way out.
Then when in the world engage completely,
I'll engage with her
because I love her completely.
I would like to kiss her sweetly.
Where will love take me?
Words are not random,
they come from somewhere
Going steady with her is a pleasure
Whether stoic, Epicurean I can't tell. Love is philosophy's end.
And the end of me.
And the end of this poem.

DS Poem August 29, 2014
Love Poem

The use of the semi-colon and colon and so forth I wish I knew.
I don't know where I was when they taught
But sometimes I was not there
In school my mind would wonder
Now I do not know lots of things.
I have now learned all that I do not know.
Day by day the amount that I do not know continues to grow.
So sometimes I have to take a short cut.
I could write a book about what they failed to teach me.
Large amounts of my training was wrong.
For one they failed to teach me Homer.
When they taught about the war, they forgot the eastern front.

They didn't even tell you how to eat.
When it comes to pleasure they didn't tell me at all.
Everything has to be filled in at the end.
What a waste it's been

DS Poem August 29, 2014

Is there any value in love?
Without love life seemed sad.
One could seek culture
and maybe find some beauty
A Bach piece sounds fine
But where is the rhyme
There's no acceleration of time
God demands our love
That's what we are created for
Better give him some.
How does one make it
when it is not there.
There is no value in life without love
So opportunities abound.
Just walk around.
But there are pitfalls and dangers

DS Poem August 29, 2014
Love Poem

Just as the sky is blue
My love is true
You should believe me
and chase your doubts away
I want you to love me
and never leave me.
Since I need you
You are to be mine
I'm now yours
I only make myself hurt

The hurt you must mend
Our love has no end
My love is straight
and won't bend.
My thoughts are of you
Even my body
remembers you
It's just the way I like it
I hope you like it too.
Any shorter and
my poem would be Haiku.
I could be brief
I love you

DS Poem August 29, 2014
Love Poem

Today the temperature reached 88
One is like in a catatonic state
The world is a hustle
I miss our consciousness
Only love makes a sweet end
Your company is peaceful
Your company makes me content
Maybe I got up too early
Too early too late
So much measurement
I wish we were together
At least today I got a pickle
Today you entered my body
Though your cooking.
I saw our symbol
in the river
The two swans
All the other birds make a fuss
I would rather be with us.
If I jump in the sea maybe it will
Become more cool for me.
But the burning fire in my heart,
can not rest until

I have a kiss.
I wish it would turn cold
and you would hug me to get warm
Today I heard Billy Holiday's song
Autumn in New York
I am more conscious of how long
It will take us to join
Together as one

DS Poem September 2, 2014
Love Poem

Beach poem sept 4

I knew summer was about to end
So I had to perform a feat
If I was to ever become greek
I had to become an athlete
I began to swim for about an hour
and a half
I swam from one end to the other
and back
Twice my prior feat.
I realized I ended up swimming like the seal
Who stared at the waves and shore
and kicked his fins.
Riding on the current seeming
enjoying just being
My secret source did suggest
That my sweetheart was the best
Love can make you strong
and is seldom wrong
That is how I could swim so long

DS Poem September 4, 2014
Beach Poem

When I send my love
I like it to come back to me
It is good for you to love me
My love is not a chain
It is intended to set you free
You can do all the things you like
and also have me.
If I stir your passion
it might lead to action.
I love you a lot and hope you
feel the same.
It is hard to be away
I kiss my own arm
and think it's you.
I need something to kiss
What am I to do
Without you?

DS Poem September 5, 2014
Love Poem

My intellect came with a cup
With my cup I take in thoughts
But I wish to drink the ocean
What am I to do?
So I dive into the sea
My intellect is like a peanut
I need something bigger

DS Poem September 11, 2014

What I want from you
You will collect beauty,
then I will collect you
You will ascertain the truth

and I will absorb you
After you collect a song
I will hum along
I will then give you a kiss
It will all be spontaneous
My wanting you is expected to
only grow
There wont be any complication
Everything will be smooth
and be strangely serene
Just being with you
will be my happiness
Our love will be deep and profound
and explore love's mysteries
Your skin will be very soft
There wont always be a need for words
Even in silence there will be gratitude
Sometimes we will take an adventure
We will use your strong intellect to reach a conclusion
But personally I like to be romantic
I have come to like greek coffee
I also like mountain tea
I want a hug when you are free
My desires are not that extensive
They include just you and the entire cosmos
Naturally I want more olives,
I like your beans, I like them with quinoa
I like it if you make me laugh
I like to ask you difficult questions
because you seem to have the right answers,
I think that's what pleases me.
When I try to trick you I don't succeed.
Instead it seems you capture me
I started this poem to make a list
But instead fell into a lot of bliss.

DS Poem September 15, 2014
Love Poem

Do you want me everyday

or do you want to throw me away
You could have every day
a kiss on the lips
or just forget about me
You could have me hold you close to sleep every night
or you could be alone in a cold room full of gloom
Do you think there is room
for me all the time
When I come home I need to unwind
I like to eat a lot and
you might have to cook a lot

DS Poem September 22 2014
Love Poem

The summer of 2014
I now will remember
It was the time when we went to the park
We went to the cloisters
We went to the beach
We went to eat
You cooked many dinners
It all was very sweet
I felt so much love
We wrote so much poetry
I did a lot of driving
We had lunch with Taylor
My piano was moved

DS Poem September 25, 2014
Love Poem

The necessity of stillness

At the internal heart of action
activity is without quality

Without being preceded with stillness
Action without stillness is neurotic
Chaotic and psychotic
And doomed.
The mind misleads and presents that you can think you way out of troubles
This is not right

DS Poem October 3, 2014

My love is fresh & new
Although it is old and taken for granted
I still will make it new
by my will
And the eternal well of desire

DS Poem October 6, 2014

I meet a women who will lie with me
We listen to music and kiss.
Her eyes have the prettiest color of brown
When our eyes meet they lock on
We don't look away
You can feel her beauty that is deep down
Her skin is pearly white, her hair black
She doesn't totally understand my attraction
She says ' I seem to want her all the time'
So I respond with a question " do you want me to always want you" or not to
want you.
She says I want you to always want me.
So then the matter is settled.
When I'm wondering what she's thinking she says "Alicia de Larrocha"
There are many reasons that I love her but one of my favorites is when she men-
tions a thing of beauty.
If I ever went away, I realized with emotion, I would want again to be with her
again

Actually it has already happened.
I meet her long ago.
Then I went away
Because of the things she said
I never forgot her
Then I returned.
I am also attracted to her figs, almonds, pears, eggplants and mushrooms.
Every moment with her is a pleasure.
She has been the one for me for quite some time.
Her love is a very special kind

DS Poem October 9 2014

I could lay back and sleep
or struggle and strive
All my troubles are a pain
Sometimes I just wait
I don't know how my life became ridiculous.
The world outside is based on money and movement.

DS Poem October 10, 2014

Many things are both true and not true,
Some things I should both do and not do,
I should both be very concerned about what I eat and not
I should both come and not come.
In between doing and not doing is nothingness or stillness
I should both do neither and both.

DS Poem October 20, 2014

I have a tremendous charge account
I just sit in the foxhole of my brain
and run up my charge account
The radiation is forever burning

just waiting for me to say my passwords
Because the account is so large
I have to use five passwords to gain access
That is real security

The rushing wind goes wherever it listeth
and I know not where it comes from
Some say from above,
Others say from the right.
My password is subconscious and exists in ancient memories
The moment of truth is at hand
and is flashing urgent
There is an urgent demand for stillness
Ancient I waits for the moment of truth
It turns out it is there waiting for me.

DS Poem October 25, 2014

When I lie down
I lie down with her
Because I love her
and wish we were near
She is my sweetheart
I get misty over her
I realize it is sad
when she is not near

DS Poem October 27, 2015

The red leaves outside my window are falling
Today was the day to fall
Last night was first 32 degrees
Last night was the full moon
Today is November 8

When I drink the wine of nearness
I experience pleasure
After being sated with banquet of contemplation
I relish (ta'm) the fruit of the trees

In the morning light
I sat outside on the doorstep
Drinking my coffee
Watching the red maple tree
Drop it's leaves
I listened to the sound
The stem would crack
Then the leaf would fall thru other leaves
Then hit the pile of leaves on the ground.
It was soft noise but a busy noise
It was like the tree spoke

I sat in cold apprehension
Empty stomach
Would my sweetheart ask me to come?
I didn't ask
I played central avenue drag by Pete Johnson on the piano
It seems in that song he wrote all the following blues tunes in history

DS Poem November 8, 2014

The Night that knows no Dawn

If you have love for God
You will close your eyes
You will leave your stomach empty
You will sit up with your back straight
The asanas are the natural order of prana and kundalini
You will stare into the darkness in front of you
Your third eye will throb with energy
Your higher self will repeat magic words
Your lower self will listen to the repetition of the words
You will sit like Buddha in the temple
Your thoughts will come and go like human visitors to the temple

You will stare into the darkness before you.
The visitors will come and go, tourists.
Outside the wind blows,
At Dawn the birds sing and the rooster crows but you will regret hearing it.

DS Poem November 12, 2014

When Darshan sits on the throne,
my sacred books open to the right page.
There are major miracles, minor miracles and daily miracles, and intellectual ones.
When I opened the book Sufi Symbolism I read about sauciness - the property where the God particles leak out of things.
Then in Love's Last Madness
I read Darshan's poem 18
"Saucy breeze I kiss you"
It seems there is a saucy breeze leaking out of my books
And there is a early morning breeze inside my room
God is leaking out of every atom
With the property Sat Chit Ananda
Truth, consciousness, bliss
When I sit on my butt, and point my back up straight in the wee hours of morn, I
spring a big leak and fall into a black hole, and wake up in a new world.
That saucy breeze is Darshan
Who makes my body light.

DS Poem December 7, 2014

Push marketing

When I have nothing to say I remain silent.
I market like once a decade and only read like once a decade.
You can check the news once every three days and not miss anything.
A decade ago I pushed a simulation

Just a simulation, ended up on Fifth ave, trading for Millenium partners at the turn of the Millenium.

TradeSmith strategy - TradeSmith made money in all but 20 of 238 months.

A decade is past, I am now push marketing SGMT odds are all but 12 of 96
The proof is in the pudding

I would to push market this onto your google glasses

Low risk, good odds, liquid, scalable, unique, uncorrelated, fully systematized,
able to leverage

DS Poem December 13, 2014

Wait a while

Wait a while my love and you'll see
I'll paint on your body works you've never seen.
Wait a while for me to master the art of poetry
And you'll see with my lips, with my fingers
I'll paint on your body works you'll only know.

With my two lips on your forehead I'll paint
The constellation of the seven stars
And the rising sun in midsummer and
I'll paint the moon light of an April night.

I'll paint on your arms landscapes of foreign lands.
I'll paint sunsets of faraway places.
On your strong legs I'll paint golden wings and
On your feet I'll paint what I see between the sky and the sea.

I'll paint on your shoulders the courage of love
And on your vast chest I'll paint a heaven.
Wait a while love and you'll see
I'll paint on your body works of ecstasy.

From your forehead to your toes
I'll cover your body with works we don't yet know
Visions we haven't yet seen.
With pleasure unknown to us now
Wait a while and you'll see.

With kisses and caresses I'll cover your body
With beauty, beauty never seen.
Wait a while and in your heart I'll draw
I'll draw poems not yet know
Poems I head in dreams from ages ago

DS Poem December 16, 2014

Crossing the Whitestone
With belly empty
But for coffee
Mind is pure
Hafez poem attracts his attention
Sublime bliss in stillness
In morning light
Dinner with good friends is the way to celebrate the holidays.
Sweetened by kind acts
Thoughts without action are just weeds.
Actually weeds are better than thoughts
Some weeds you can eat
I have no New Years resolution
I am fully executed in 2014

DS Poem December 31, 2014

Today I shutdown my hadron collider,
And continued my research within,
I looked into the black hole in front of me,
To see if light was escaping on the fringe.
In the stillness I sat,

Whether to be or not to be,
I figured it was not to be
It seemed now the mystery will emerge
If I were only to seize the day
as well as the nights,
And feel the night turn into day,
As Ceasar says " repetition is useful"
The experiment being I repetitively seize non-existence.
Why not be reborn daily,
Rejuvenate every cell

DS Poem January 5, 2015

Today I will increase my time in Meditation because
tomorrow I will be attacked by wild beasts.
T.....
Because tomorrow:
A currency is going to collapse and
I may catch a cold

DS Poem January 20, 2015

Although All the world sees in the
Brown winter is dreariness,
I only see the blossoms of spring,
Because in my heart are the pretty brown eyes of a women
The dull worries of capitalist, landowners and speculators don't phase me be-
cause I collect the interest without the capital.
In the center of emptiness I fill myself up. A sweet nectar is seeping into my brain.
Soon I will not even see the thoughts of others.
My attack on God's gate is aggressive, beginning with the malicious murder of
my desires.
I follow an offbeat crowd - Nanak, Kabir, Rumi, Attar, Hafez.

DS Poem jan 22 2015

Why do you hesitate at my door?
Leave your thoughts along with your shoes and step into my world.
Step into my world of love and bliss
Leave the dead weight of self consciousness and learn to fly.
What is so great about this world that you can not leave
The flight to heaven is shorter than your flight to Europe.
Why do you count the hours, just so you can waste them all the better.
God already gave you a gift card, go cash it in.

DS Poem feb 1 2015

Your deathbed is a sweet place,
That is if you go there early,
On my deathbed I asked for the poetry of my own Master.
Give me the words of my own master,
I don't want the words of the others,
Now I must concentrate my mind.
I learned the ABCs from Kabir,
But now the end is near.
I must live in the present and my master is present
My bhanita is David

DS Poem february 10, 2015

DS Poem Feb 14, 2015

The purpose of my life is to
Erase ugly states of consciousness from myself and shared with me by others.
And replace them with beautiful states of consciousness.
I have selected a women whose mind is mostly beautiful.

For natural beauty I cross country ski, I have a few hungry February birds with enough strength to sing.
I have the cracking of trees in the wind.
In the morning the power of focusing on God silences my mind. (Jan 10)
In the evening I play French songs on the piano erasing the dismal science -economics that invaded modern life and is modern life.
One needs a life that is neither modern nor ancient.
My previous life ended facedown in the snow in Germany in World War II
I like to think I had been with my valentine sweetheart because with her even tragedy would have been sweet.

DS poem March 28, 2015

Time and Silence
Conquers time and noise
Uprightness overcomes sleep
Many hours make the moments
A secret passageway into another world, makes for a new outlook.
A daily trip to the dead zone,
Revitalizes the cells of the body bringing new life.

DS Poem April 16, 2015

I'm supposed to take you for granted
But that's not how I feel.
My desire is supposed to wane,
But that is not how I feel,
My poetry is supposed to dry up,
But that is not how I feel.
Instead my heart is blooming in springtime.

DS Poem April 18, 2015

If you were my girlfriend
Even the cooking beans
Would march like royal soldiers
Proud of their importance.
Your words have a cool
Breeze blowing in them.
The world's torture just
Points to your sublimity.
Notes arriving to my ear with
Better hearing in sweeter harmony.
It is refinement in that which is true.

DS Poem April 28, 2015

Cherries, Black Raisins and your soft skin,
These things strike me as fine.
Your eggplant and mushrooms with
Your hand in mine.
A cappuccino with pear tart in afternoon has a sweet flavor.
Beethoven sonatas with apples red and yellow.
The tea could be linden, green, grey or white.
Love makes you mellow.
Once you learn it is better to love, then you start to do so.

But only some are truly lovable.
The honey makes a difference.

DS Poem June 2, 2015

1,000 metaphors of meditation

Plug in to recharge cell phone
Taking of herbs
Manas Trana mind saving
Being still
Sitting in silence
Looking into darkness before you
Focusing on third eye
Listening to sound on right side
Practicing yoga
Repeating mantra
Withdrawing from the body
Remembering God
Cell transformation
Becoming a body of light
Going within
Going in to go out

DS poem June 7, 2015

If some is good then more is better

What are we talking about
Chocolate?
Sex?
No, it would have to be free and unlimited
Within stillness is bliss
Stissness or blillness?
Should the words be merged?
What is the medicinal benefits of completely leaving the body
Perhaps meditation is just taking your medicine.

DS Poem June 29, 2015

How & why devotion
Early morning meditation
Became part of my life

1 most important should come first
2 early most alert & most quiet
3 a pleasure
4 takes more time
5 have gotten old
6 feeding soul is good for your health
7 energy is needed for creativity
8 only real true value
9 is not transitory lasts past death
10 supposed to die while living
11 stomach must be empty
12 colors and enriches rest of the day
13 is necessary for healing
14 poetry, scriptures music is conducive
15 preparation helps preset mat
16 coffee & tea
17 incremental reading books
18 random open of books
19 just following advice of proven guru

DS Poem July 11, 2015

On July 11

After six months of six hours of meditation,
Start at the sixth chakra.
Meditate Forty years lose forty pounds
Practicing all forms of yoga
Everything is true
The Enlightened Man does everything before it happens
He is a time traveler.
He knows the needs of others before they do.
He suffers no regrets because he has no woulda, shoulda, coulda moments
He arrives at the fortieth year in year 39
Thus insuring it brilliant glory
He is the incredible shrinking man
Slipping though the narrow tunnel in his third eye.
Only those succeed who are liked by God
On Ordinary days he has grand results
On Grand occasions his time is wasted
Death is the answer to all the problems of the world: in two ways:

The world only sees my body while I seek to see without my body.

DS poem July 28, 2015

To sit still & say your mantra takes miracles
One you must have human birth
Ability to sit up without pain
A unlimited amount of time
An empty stomach
Environment free of interruption
placed meditation on top of priorities

So philosophically grown
Adequate rest ti be alert
Goes to bed with the chickens
And rises before the birds
Operates digitally is shutdown -off/ still
Or on aggressive aerobics
Balanced life with stillness & action
The setting makes a difference
The answer is to just sit & say your mantra
But the setting makes a difference
Music & Poetry can set a Mood
lifestyle and diet effects the outcome
At the same time the practice can change the mood
The other factor is habit & momentum
Habitual Mind shutdown as opposed to habitual control by the mind's patterns

DS poem August 9, 2015

My Life is Short & the Journey Home is very Long,
So let's begin it today!
Even though you must go alone
You will run into other travelers on the way
the morning light is miracle enough for me
You can take your life force and mind together up & in.
Don't let the world weigh you down
Experience the lightness of being
I left & found a big fat holy book inside of me
I found my spinal column was a highway
Which had an express train
I did my own digging and like a archeologist found a site that confirmed the an-
cient text to be true
A mysterious self sufficiency exists
To push the extremes you need to manage the pair of opposites
Let's not forget the body before it's time.
Nada yoga will invent Hatha yoga while hatha yoga will lead to nada yoga
The Self is hungry and it's food is not of this world
It feeds in stillness

A state of consciousness is the end

DS Poem August 30, 2015

Hatha Yoga

My soul has taken up the path of sat mat.
My body has taken up the path of Hatha Yoga & Pranayama raising up the Kundalini.
It was once thought the soul could simply run away but the hard reality is it is still joined to the body.
Until death do we part. In the mean time the soul needs a base and then needs a boost". So in the off hours I need an adamantite body, an alchemical body, with the fourth state of mind untying the knots with the seventh tissue.
It's really vertical integration to support longer time.
When I had a lot of time (was young) I took the shortcut. (seha yoga)
When I had little time left (was old) I took the long path (hatha yoga)
To the yogi their body is the world
To the yogi day is night and night is day.

DS Poem
October 26, 2015

Remember the blackness

If my gaze was fixed I would remember the blackness,
If my mind did not wonder, I would remember the blackness.
If my pose is fixed and my simran is steady, I will go within.
If the only journey is the journey within,

Then I should go within.
If I sit long enough and my gaze is fixed and my pose is steady and my simran unbroken all with effortless effort in devotion then
If I choose a time when everyone is sleeping, then I won't feel compelled to do something.
Sit still and put your gaze forward practice tratak and repeat your mantra.
Don't worry about the results
Push your cares into a drawer for later.
Thinking is associated with recounting the past or planning the future.
So being in the present moment does not require thinking, so don't do it.
Being empty, a empty stomach that is,
One can fill up with the nectar of Naam.
I'm looking for the brightest star.
Cross legged full lotus is best
I used to do half lotus one side then the other. But full lotus is better for focus
there is something about symmetry that is harmonious.

Poems that I like:

Rainer Maria Rilke

Buddha in Glory
Center of all centers, core of cores
almond self-enclosed and growing sweet-
all this universe, to the furthest stars
and beyond them, is your flesh, your fruit.

Now you feel how nothing clings to you;
your vast shell reaches into endless space,
and there the rich , thick fluids rise and flow.
Illuminated in your infinite peace.

a billion stars go spinning through the night,
blazing high above your head.
But in you is the presence that
will be, when all the stars are dead.



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